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A

COLLECTION of POEMS;
CONSISTING OF
VALUABLE PIECES,
NOT INSERTED IN
Mr. DODSLEY's COLLECTION,
OR PUBLISHED SINCE.
WITH SEVERAL ORIGINALS,
By EMINENT WRITERS.
VOL. IV.



C

And

A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS,
IN FOUR VOLUMES,
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



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J. Smith Taylor del. et sculp.

THE VALETUDINARIAN.

AN ODE.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY DR. MARRIOTT.

INHERITANCE of weak, but proud Mortality,
Hence, Disease and pining Pain ;
With all your pale and ghastly train,
Tossings dire, heart-piercing moans,
Sighs, and tears, and hollow groans,
The harbingers of Death :
Whether ye be
The spawn of bloated Luxury,
Or of the pestilential breath

Vol. IV.

B

Of

Of Eurus bred : or from the eastern clime ;
 Hence ! to your ancient seat,
 Where ebbing Nilus leaves his putrid slime,
 To Volga's banks retreat,
 Or to the Caspian, or Bengala's bay ;
 From Britain's happy lands
 Haste to Arabian sands,
 While winds sulphureous burn, and urge your way :
 But, Goddesses of the dimpled cheek,
 Whom the wanton Cupids seek,
 Come, for Health, to grace the song,
 Bring the chearful Muse along ;
 Bring laughing Youth, who looks behind ;
 Love on Fancy's breast reclin'd ;
 Wit, no poison'd dart who flings,
 Or but retorts when Envy flings.
 Come with antic Merriment,
 And the placid child Content ;
 All with happy steps advance,
 Join the song, and lead the dance.
 Oft, O Goddesses ! let thy feet
 Visit this my lone retreat ;
 Where my oak extends its pride
 Of twisted arms ; and fit to ride
 Sublime on Neptune's swelling wave,
 Now the roaring winds doth brave ;
 Where the vine's soft tendrils run,
 And swell to meet the southern sun :
 Where Contemplation, wont to stray,
 Winds thro' the wood her easy way,

Or marks the lake, the field, or sky;
 The silent angler's stedfast eye;
 The gunner's aim: or Industry,
 Who, with his loud resounding blow,
 Lays the nodding forests low;
 Or teaches where to wind the stream;
 Or whistles to his labouring team:
 The meads which suck the dews of morn;
 Or uplands crown'd with golden corn,
 Richer than Iberia's mine:
 The bleating flocks; the lowing kine;
 The smoking cots, and pointed spires,
 The setting sun's reflecting fires;
 Woods dark waving in the dale;
 Rays which gleam; and clouds which sail;
 Shades and lights by turns contending;
 Gradual colours softly blending;
 All as Nature's pencil clear
 Marks the variegated year;
 These, O Goddess! these are thine;
 Offspring of immortal line;
 Who with mortals deign'st to dwell,
 In some low and rural cell:
 To haunt the brink of tinkling rills;
 The flowery vales, or sloping hills;
 And when the plowman turns the soil,
 To cheer his song, and guide his toil.
 With vest succinct in Dian's train
 Oft art thou seen to brush the plain,

}

While thy shrill horns sweet Echo rouse,
 Slumbering on the mountain's brows :
 Oft when Winter clouds the air,
 To the blazing hearth repair
 Thy social feet, where-e'er the bowl
 Of moderate Mirth unlocks the soul,
 When tales of time, and ancient fear
 Suspend the young astonish'd ear :
 Or carols quaint in long-drawn note
 Swell the rustic's ample throat :
 Or where high lifted steps resound,
 When the peasant thumps the ground
 With aukward heel ; and gives a fall
 To mistress of the rural ball :
 Or presses with his iron hand,
 And whirls her thro' the shouting band.
 Nor art thou wont with these to sport
 Alone : but where the Loves resort,
 With all the young and shining train
 Of Cytherea's golden reign,
 More elegant, to lead is thine
 The dance ; which waves its easy line ;
 Marks the graceful, and the strong ;
 Where speech to which no words belong
 Makes love by actions never pain'd,
 All oppos'd, - but nought constrain'd :
 Movements mixing, swift, and slow,
 And foot, ear, eye, together go.
 Thus flush'd with all thy native charms,
 My Delia spreads her winning arms,

Uplifted soft, and seems to tread
 On yielding air, or ocean's bed :
 And, as she grants her modest hand,
 Damon's happy eyes demand,
 While mov'd by her he seems to live,
 The heart, which she half seems to give :
 If these delights, O Goddess! wait
 Ever on thy happy state,
 Best of blessings understood,
 Only source of mortal good ;
 Hither, bright Hygeia, fly
 With rosy cheek, and sparkling eye,
 Such as thou dost oft appear
 When thy Heberden is near.
 Rich with Nature's genuine grace,
 Come, Goddess! to my warm embrace.
 Far from all I fear, or hate ;
 From splendid life's delusive state,
 Smiles that stab, or that betray :
 Gloom of heart with visage gay ;
 Splendor canker'd with distress,
 Grandeur mix'd with littleness,
 Words of wind, and hopes of air,
 Clouds which threaten dark despair,
 Craft disloyal to his trust,
 Here High Birth licking low the dust,
 There upstart Meanness set astride
 The world, too narrow for his pride.
 Far from Trade's too busy seat,
 Of Loss and Gain the low deceit,

Aukward Pomp, and Vanity,
 Who restless drive, and mount the sky,
 Proud of misus'd Liberty;
 While sordid Cunning, Passion blind,
 Ride on the gilded car behind.
 From Law's grimace, and mean chicane,
 Which rivets, when it seems a chain
 To loose; receives the golden shower,
 And offers hecatombs to Power.
 From language low, which vulgars prize,
 Creeping Arts which mean to rise;
 Labyrinths, which ever wind
 In the dark and double mind:
 From Profession's learned scene;
 Cant of words, which little mean:
 Physic, child of Luxury;
 Clok'd in shallow mystery:
 False Religion's forms, which bind
 The body to enslave the mind:
 Disputation's rage and trouble:
 Philosophic system's bubble:
 From War's parade; or Eloquence
 In senates, big with smooth pretence
 Of public good: from Envy mean,
 Who midst the liberal Arts is seen,
 Corrodes the page which Genius drew,
 And turns aside her sullen view,
 Each work of Merit pleas'd to blast,
 Then feeds upon herself at last.

From

From these, immortal Goddess! fly,
 And bless thy humble votary.
 Give me Reason's lasting pleasure,
 Ease, but not ignoble leisure :
 Far be wild Ambition's fires,
 Hopeless Love, and fierce Desires.
 I ask not Fortune's glittering charms,
 The pride of courts, the spoils of arms ;
 By silver stream, and haunted grove,
 O give my peaceful steps to rove :
 Beneath the shade of pendent hills,
 I'll listen to the falling rills,
 That chase the pebble, as they stray ;
 And haste, like human life, away :
 When on the flowery carpet green
 I'll sit and trace the rural scene ;
 While by the mimic pencil drawn
 The herds shall seem to crop the lawn ;
 The piping swain, the distant towers,
 The moss-grown knotted oaks, and bowers,
 As bending to the whispering breeze,
 Some thatch'd cot rising 'mong the trees,
 In rude and artless lines design'd,
 Shall faintly mark the master's mind.
 Or, if soft verse delight us more,
 O grant of verse the wondrous power
 Strong ideas to inspire ;
 Words which paint, and sounds which fire ;
 Which calls up shades of heroes bold,
 Whose virtues warm'd the times of old,

Dressing the historic page
 With Terror, Pity, Love, and Rage;
 Or gives to Truth the tuneful art
 With moral song to mend the heart:
 Flow it easy, soft, and free,
 From ill-conceiv'd obscurity;
 Affectation's crowded plumes,
 All that strains, or that assumes;
 Nature may it e'er pursue,
 Describing, as we feel, the true:
 Her magic glass while Fancy brings,
 Which shews the fleeting form of things,
 Each fair assemblage knows to trace
 All that Nature hath of Grace;
 While Reason lends her sacred aid,
 And in the beautiful display'd,
 Sees with sound philosophy
 The reflected Deity.
 Thus on thro' Manhood, Youth, and Age,
 Nor stain'd with guilt, nor rough with rage,
 In smooth mæanders life shall glide,
 And roll a clear and peaceful tide.

LAURA :



LAURA: OR THE COMPLAINT.

A N E L E G Y.

B Y T H E S A M E.

YE groves, with venerable moss array'd,
 That o'er yon caverns stretch your pendent shade,
 Where sacred Silence lulls the rural vale,
 And Love in whispers tells his tender tale;
 Ye lonely rocks, ye streams that ever flow,
 Still as my tears, and constant as my woe,
 To you behold the wretched Laura flies,
 And haunts those seats from whence her sorrows rise;
 Where lost to love, how often has she stray'd?
 When the fond lover led his blushing maid,
 When his soft lips, too eloquent his art,
 Pour'd the warm wish, and breath'd out all his heart.

Ah once lov'd seats, your pleasing scenes are o'er,
 Nor can you charm, since he can love no more;
 Tho' smile your lawns with vernal glories crown'd,
 In vain gay Nature paints th' enamel'd ground;
 While through your solitary paths I rove,
 A prey to grief, to sickness, and to love.

Tho'

Tho' gentle Zephyrs fan the bending bowers,
 Tho' breathes the incense of your opening flowers,
 Nor opening flowers, nor gentle Zephyrs charm,
 Nor beauteous scenes a grief like mine disarm ;
 Fade every flower, and languish every sense,
 Ye have no sweets for fallen innocence.

Torn by remorse, sad victim of Despair,
 Where shall I turn ? or where address my prayer ?
 Far as the morn its early beam displays,
 Or where the star of evening darts its rays ;
 Far as wide earth is stretch'd, or oceans roll,
 Where blow the winds, or heaven invests the pole,
 In vain my fluttering soul would wing its way ;
 Stern Care pursues, where'er the wretched stray.

Soft God of Sleep, whose ever-peaceful reign
 Lulls earth, and heaven, and all th' extended main,
 Powerful to give the labouring heart to rest,
 To wipe the tear, and heal the wounded breast,
 Say, by what crime offended, flies from me,
 Invok'd, thy unpropitious Deity ?
 Or dooms, on racks of wildest Fancy torn,
 In dreams my agonizing soul to mourn ?
 Why am I oft on angry billows tost,
 Now in some wide and dreary desert lost ?
 Why yet in life infernal tortures feel,
 Bound by fierce dæmons to some rapid wheel ?
 Now seem to climb, while hills on hills arise,
 In vain : or fall in tempests from the skies,

Tread

Tread burning plains, or swim in seas of fire,
 Just reach the shore, then see the shore retire !
 As oft, dear youth ! thy pleasing form appears ;
 I stretch my arms, and wake dissolv'd in tears ;
 Yet waking Fancy all that loss supplies,
 And still I view thee with a lover's eyes ;
 Entranc'd in thought, o'er all thy charms I gaze,
 See thy bright eyes diffuse their softest rays,
 Hang on thy hand, and on thy breast reclin'd,
 Play with thy locks that waver with the wind,
 Joy in thy joy, or in thy sorrows join,
 And on thy lips my spirit mix with thine.
 Now o'er dark wilds, or rugged rocks we stray,
 Love lights the gloom, and smooths the dreary way ;
 Now on soft banks our weary limbs repose,
 Where every flower of vernal beauty glows ;
 But light as air, each pleasing vision flew,
 Swift as the sun dispels the morning dew ;
 While with the day returns the sense of woe,
 We wake more wretched when the cheat we know.

Imagination ! mistress of the soul,
 What power unseen the active mind controul ?
 And fill the waving thought, or busy sleep ?
 Where not a breeze disturbs the tranquil deep,
 Nor lofty pines, through all the forest move,
 Why stir the motions of restless love ?

Urg'd by the golden morn, the night recedes,
 And year to year in changeful course succeeds ;

Nor

Nor night, nor morn, nor years to me restore
 The peace which Laura's heart possess'd before ;
 Involv'd in clouds one darksome scene I view ;
 Bleed the same wounds, and all my pains renew.

O boast of Laura's long-forgotten praise !
 Past are the triumphs of my happier days,
 When plac'd supreme on Beauty's radiant throne,
 I saw with conscious pride each heart my own ;
 Where'er I turn'd, a thousand nymphs admir'd ;
 Whene'er I smil'd, a thousand swains expir'd :
 I spoke, 'twas music dwelt upon my tongue ;
 I mov'd a goddess, and an angel sung.
 My careless steps in joys were taught to rove ;
 Each voice was flattery, and each look was love ;
 But Beauty's power, too mighty long to last,
 Fled on the wings of rapid Time is past.

As some proud vessel to the prosperous gale
 Her streamer waves, and spreads the silken sail,
 While silver oars to flutes soft breathing sweep
 With measur'd strokes the scarcely heaving deep,
 But soon tempestuous clouds the scene deform,
 And the loud surge remurmurs to the storm ;
 Thus big with hope, from dark suspicion free,
 I sail'd with transport on Life's summer sea ;
 The gay attendants of my happy state,
 The Smiles, the Graces round were seen to wait,
 And all the moments, as they swiftly flew,
 Shower'd down soft joys, and pleasures ever new.

How

How chang'd this fleeting image of a day ?
 How sets in awful gloom the evening ray ?
 While, fixt on earth her eye in sad suspense,
 Pours the deep sigh incessant Penitence.

If youthful charms decay with age or pain,
 Beauty, thy crouded worshippers how vain !
 Why then such crowds of incense round ascend ?
 Why prostrate monarchs at thy altars bend ?
 Why earth's and ocean's mighty bounds explore
 At once to win thee, and increase thy power ?
 Let sad example Reason's dictates aid !
 Here see what ruin Grief and Love has made ;
 E'en Love, who lives by Beauties smiles carest,
 Basks in her eyes, and wantons on her breast,
 With cruel force the fatal shaft employs,
 And soonest what he most adores destroys.

How cold I feel Life's idle current flow,
 Where once the dancing spirits lov'd to glow !
 No more these eyes with youthful rapture shine,
 Nor cheeks soft blushing speak a warmth divine ;
 Graceful no more amid the festive dance
 My steps with easy dignity advance,
 And all the glossy locks, whose ringlets spread,
 O'er my fair neck, the honours of my head,
 Cease the neat labours of my hand to know ;
 Ill suits the care of elegance with woe !

Why did not Nature, when she gave to charm
 With unrelenting pride my bosom arm ?

Why

Why was my soul its tender pity taught,
 Each soft affection, and each generous thought ?
 Hence spring my sorrows, hence with sighs I prove
 How feeble woman, and how fierce is love.

In unavailing streams my tears are shed ;
 Sad Laura's bliss is with Lorenzo fled.
 For thee, false youth, was every joy resign'd,
 Young health, sweet peace, and innocence of mind ;
 Are these the constant vows thy tongue profess'd,
 When first thy arms my yielding beauties prest ?
 Thus did thy kiss dispel my empty fears,
 Or winning voice delight my raptur'd ears ;
 Thus swore thy lips, by ocean, earth, and sky ;
 By hell's dread powers, and heaven's all-piercing eye ?
 Yawns not the grave for thee ? Why sleeps the storm
 To blast thy limbs, and rend thy perjur'd form ?
 Unmov'd, O faithless, canst thou hear my pain,
 Like the proud rocks which brave th' unwearied main ?
 Sooner the ship-wreck'd pilot shall appease
 With sighs and howling winds, with tears the seas,
 Than Laura's prayers thy heart unfeeling move,
 O lost to fame, to honour, and to love.
 Nurs'd in dark caverns on some mountain wild
 To cruel manhood grew the daring child,
 No female breast supplied thy infant food,
 But tygers growling o'er their savage brood.
 Curs'd be that fatal hour thy charms were seen,
 While yet this mind was guiltless and serene.

With

With thee, false man, I urg'd my hasty flight,
 And dar'd the horrors of tempestuous night,
 Nor fear'd with thee through plains unknown to rove,
 Deaf to the dictates of paternal love.

In vain for me a parent's tears were shed,
 And to the grave descends his hoary head.

When at my feet entranc'd my lover lay,
 And pour'd in tender sighs his soul away,
 Fond, foolish heart! to think the tale divine;
 Why started not my hands when prest in thine?
 Too well Remembrance paints the fatal hour
 When Love, great conqueror, summon'd all his power;
 When bolder grown, your glances flash'd with fire,
 And your pale lips all trembled with desire;
 Back to my heart my blood tumultuous flew,
 From every pore distill'd the chilling dew,
 When Shame presaging spoke each future pain,
 And struggling Virtue arm'd my soul in vain.
 But O let silence all my weakness veil,
 And burning blushes only tell the tale.

Ah! faithless man! and thou more wretched maid,
 To guilt, and grief, and misery betray'd!
 Far flies thy lover: to some distant plain
 Now cleaves its bounding bark the peaceful main;
 Avenging heaven, that heard the vows he swore,
 Bid howl the blackening storm, and thunder roar,
 'Till waves on waves in tumbling mountains roll,
 Now sink to hell, and now ascend the pole;

Then

Then on some plank o'er foaming billows borne,
 Trembling, his perjur'd faith the wretch shall mourn,
 But mourn in vain : his vigorous arm shall fail,
 Guilt sink him down, and angry heaven prevail ;
 No friendly hand to earth his limbs convey,
 But dogs and vultures tear the bloated prey.

Yet, ah ! fond heart ! avert, kind heaven, the stroke,
 My heart denies what trembling lips have spoke.
 The varying accents real nature prove,
 And only shew how wild a thing is love.
 Go, much-lov'd youth, with every blessing crown'd,
 And Laura's wishes ever guard thee round.
 Me to the silent shades and sad retreat,
 Where love's expiring flames forget their heat,
 Death woos all-powerful : ere he parts the clew,
 Once more thy Laura bids her love adieu :
 Bids health and affluence every bliss afford,
 Bids thee be lov'd, be happy, and ador'd ;
 In ease, in mirth, glide each glad hour away ;
 No pain to spot thy Fortune's cloudless day ;
 Nor sigh to swell, no tear to flow for me ;
 'O grant, heaven, all : but grant thee constancy.

Yet from my hand this last address receive,
 This last address is all that hand can give.
 In vain thy bark with spreading canvas flies,
 If these sad lines shall meet thy conscious eyes,
 And, taught with winning eloquence to move,
 The winds and waters waft the voice of love ;

That

That voice, O grant what dying lips implore,
Asks but one tear from thee, and asks no more.

Then world, farewell ; farewell life's fond desires,
False flattering hopes, and love's tormenting fires.

Already, Death, before my closing eyes
Thy airy forms and glimmering shades arise.

Hark ! hear I not for me yon passing bell
Toll forth, with frequent pause, its fullen knell ;

Waits not for me yon sexton on his spade,
Blythe whistling o'er the grave his toil has made ?

Say, why in lengthened pomp yon fable train,
With measur'd steps, flow, stalk along the plain ?

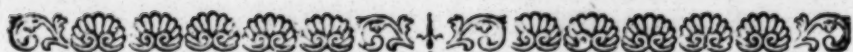
Say, why yon hearse with fading flowers is crown'd,
And midnight gales the deep-mouth'd dirge resound ?

Hail, sister worms, and thou my kindred dust,
Secure to you my weary limbs I trust.

Dim burns life's lamp ; O Death, thy work complete,
And give my soul to gain her last retreat.

Such as before the birth of Nature sway'd,
Ere springing light the first great Word obey'd,

Let silence reign—come, Fate, exert thy might ;
And darkness wrap me in eternal night.



RINALDO AND ARMIDA.

TO A LADY SINGING.

BY THE SAME.

THE goldfinch swells his little throat,
And loudly pours his rural note ;
High poiz'd above his nest in air,
The shrill lark chaunts his matins clear ;
At evening brown, in woodland dale
Soft gurgling trills her amorous tale
The solitary nightingale ;
But what avails, ye feather'd throng
Of warblers wild, your feeble song ?
Our varying passions can ye move
With warmer hope, or fonder love ?
Or run your notes th' enchanting round
Through all the labyrinths of sound ?
As breathes some soft angelic strain,
When Midnight spreads her solemn reign,
Entranc'd the lonely hermit lies,
And tastes ideal paradise,
When at Armida's feet he lay,
So sigh'd Rinaldo's soul away ;
His tongue in mute attention bound,
His ear in rapture drank the sound,

}

While

While magic numbers lull'd the sense,
And held swift thought in sweet suspense,

The mimic voice repeat the gales
That sigh along the flowery vales ;
The flowery vales, the falling floods,
The rising rocks, and waving woods
To the sighing gales reply,
Redoubling all the harmony.

The Zephyrs, ever mild and fair,
Who lightly fan the vernal air,
Learn from Armida's voice the strain,
And whispering tell it to the main.
Whene'er the foaming billows flowing,
The wintry storms are fiercely blowing,
When sable clouds invade the pole,
And lightnings dart, and thunders roll,
Th' enchantress can the rage appease,
And clear the skies, and smooth the seas.

When hurried to th' infernal coast,
His beauteous bride the Thracian lost,
Sure, hapless youth ! so sweet a spell
Once more had charm'd the powers of hell ;
Or if such had been the song
Which warbled erst the færy throng
For councils sage the chief renown'd
His warrior limbs had vainly bound ;
His eyes, by love entranc'd, no more
Had seen with joy their native shore ;
The cords had loos'd ; the magic tale
Had stay'd his oars, and furl'd his sail.



S A C R E D O D E.

BY THE SAME.

HARK ! thro' yon fretted vaults and lofty spires
Peal the deep organs to the sacred quires ;
And now, the full, the loud hosannas rise,
Float in the winds, and roll along the skies :
The solemn sounds Devotion's ardour raise ;
Now mounts the spirit with diviner blaze ?
Heaven opens : earth recedes ; and Nature feels
The ray that fir'd the prophet's glowing wheels :
In fiery pomp bright seraphs quit the sky,
And wrap the soul in holy extasy ;
While round the sapphire throne th' ethereal train
Adoring prostrate raise the lofty strain :

I.

Arise, O Lord, arise ;
In all thy awful glory stand confest ;
In thee for ever blest,
Behold thy servants veil their dazzled eyes.
Night hath for thee no shades ;
Alike to thee appears the orient day ;
While one vast light, one inexhausted ray
Of thy effulgent power the whole pervades.
Then whither shall we stray,

Where

Where of thy forming hand no trace is found ?

Above, beneath, around,
The mighty voice is heard ;
Where'er the hills are rear'd,
Where spreads the vaulted sky,
Or foams the deep profound ;
Thro' Nature's utmost bound
To us her works reply,
Proclaim a parent God, a present Deity.

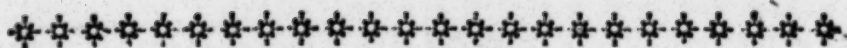
II.

Creation's praise is least ;
Nature's Restorer, to preserve is thine ;
Whose awful voice divine
Created all : when Discord heard, and ceas'd ;
For it is thine to bind
The moral chain of Order's perfect law,
And to their course the swerving motions draw
Of changeful things, and erring human kind.

Death with insatiate jaw
Gnash'd oft his iron phang, and by his side
Stalking with ample stride
Vice rear'd his giant size
Up-towering to the skies.
The mourning earth was waste ;
Confusion roll'd her tide ;
When down the Virtues glide ;
Soft Mercies urg'd their haste,
And o'er the bleeding world the sacred mantle cast.

III.

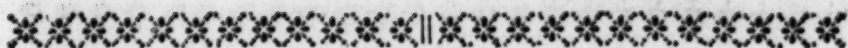
Beyond created sense
Mysterious goodness, hid in deepest night !
In vain our feeble fight
Would pierce the gloom, O mighty Providence,
Where the deep mazes meet
Beneath thy awful throne no eye hath seen,
Where wrapt in darkness sits thy power serene,
And the loud thunders roll beneath thy feet.
O, when shall close the scene !
And Hope be lost in Truth's wide bursting ray ?
O haste, auspicious day.
O haste to light on earth
Great Nature's second birth ;
New inmate of the skies,
When man renew'd shall shine
With innocence divine ;
And blest obedience rise
To snatch the palm that crowns her faithful victories.



INSCRIPTION UPON A HERMITAGE.

BY THE SAME.

BENEATH this rural cell
Sweet-smiling Peace and calm Content
Far from the busy croud sequester'd dwell.
Mortal approaching near,
The hallow'd seat revere,
Nor bring the loud tumultuous Passions here ;
For not for these is meant
The sacred silence of the stream,
Nor cave prophetic prompting Fancy's dream ;
If, with presumption rude,
Thy daring steps intrude,
Know, that with jealous eye
Peace and Content will fly :
The thoughtful Genius of the lone abode,
And Guardian Spirit of this solemn wood,
Will sure revenge the sacrilegious wrong ;
Reflection's tear will then in secret flow,
And all the haunted solitude belong
To Melancholy's train,
Who point the sting of pain
With keen remorse, and oft redoubled woe.



G A N Z O N E T T A.

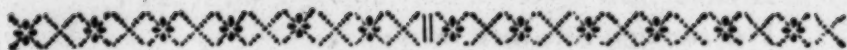
BY THE SAME.

SOFT slept the sea within its silver bed,
To the scarce breathing gale
The filken sail
With venturous hands I spread,
And saw the rocks, and pass'd; yet felt no fear;
All danger distant seem'd, which was alas! too near,

Love, calm deceiver, seated by my side,
His secret fraud enjoy'd,
Too oft employ'd
In sport my bark to guide.
We reach'd the port: the little pilot smil'd.
Can Love deceive! I said: and kiss'd the laughing child.

He clapp'd his wings, and lightly thro' the air
Flew from my longing eyes.
The storms arise,
And back my vessel bear.
Secure what port can hapless lovers meet:
We blame the winds and seas, yet clasp the dear deceit.

T H E



THE ROYAL VOYAGE.

BY THE SAME.

I.

HIGH on the bounding bark the Royal Fair
Mounts o'er the billows of the watery way;
Serene as Cynthia thro' the fields of air,
Queen of the Night extends her cloudless ray,
When all the forests tremble to the gleam,
And the transparent seas reflect the silver beam.
But see the whitening surge, the gathering clouds;
Hark! the winds whistle thro' the shrouds,
They bow the mast, they rend the sail,
The sea-worn mariner is pale,
And views the blackening storm, and hears th' increasing gale.
But not, O Royal Maid,
Let Fear thy breast invade:
Know, happy Fair! approv'd by heaven,
To thee the empire of the Main is given,
In vain loud winds the deep deform,
Love shall triumphant ride the storm.
Peace! every roaring child of troubled air:
Unmov'd the Queen of sea-girt Albion sings;
Her flying fingers touch the strings;

Around



Around their Queen the trembling train repair :
 Her courage lifts their own ;
 Her music sooths their care.

II.

Happy Queen of Albion's isle,
 On whom the Loves and Graces smile :
 Haste from Germania's plain, and death-devoted shore,
 Soon thy weary steps shall try
 A happier land, a milder sky,
 Where no din of arms shall roar,
 Nor winds, nor swelling seas assault thee more.
 Thus, 'midst the storms which blow
 O'er Thracian hills of snow,
 Orpheus tun'd the golden lyre,
 And saw the beasts of death retire.
 Thus fearless of the night, and watery grave,
 Leander's bosom met the wave,
 While Love before him flew his way to guide,
 And thro' the foaming tide
 Gave to his nervous arm redoubled power,
 While Hymen shook the torch bright on the distant tower.
 Hail! happy fires of mutual love unknown,
 To purchas'd dalliance and tumultuous joy ;
 True Pleasure sits on Virtue's awful throne ;
 There all the Loves their golden shafts employ :
 Mild and unclouded the eternal flame,
 Reward of virtuous Love, and Heaven's best blessing came.

III. Swift

III.

Swift the wing'd Hours shall urge their stealing way,
 Nor oft the waning moon shall know decay
 Ere a new race shall rise of scepter'd kings.
 From thee, Strelisian Fair, the future hero springs.
 See, the long lines of royal youths extend,
 To Britain's throne new subjects bend ;
 Where'er her glittering standards rise,
 In other seas, in other skies,
 Shall spread the godlike fame of mildest victories.
 Auspicious youths be born !
 Arise ! O haste ! your native soil adorn !
 Not valorous arms alone
 Shall guard the regal throne ;
 But shining arts, and holy laws,
 And ancient Freedom's well-defended cause,
 Shall lift secure your praise sublime
 Thro' all the radiant paths of time,
 On Dorubernian cliffs the Muse hath told,
 Prophetic child of Druids old,
 Whereon she sits, and hears from either pole
 In every wind victorious thunders roll.





O D E O N D E A T H.

WRITTEN IN FRENCH BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING
OF PRUSSIA.

TRANSLATED BY THE SAME.

WHAT does the fad prefaging mean?
Few days, few years, perhaps few moments urge
My footsteps to the dreary verge,
Where fate the curtain drops to close the scene:
Then farewell! Life and Light! and thou blest Sun serene.

Earth, o'er me rolls thy mighty bed;
The world recedes; I view the grave profound:
Of life I touch the utmost bound;
And rush to mix a victim with the dead,
Where Fate embraces all, and none can backward tread.

While yet I wake or sleep, there stand
Ten thousand Deaths in arms; before, behind,
They press me round; and every wind
Wafts the contagion from each distant land,
And all the Elements conspire to arm the dreadful band;

Within,

Within, without, above, below,
By turns they sink, or rend my feeble frame,
Now chill, now urge the vital flame,
Till Nature's tortur'd stream forgets to flow,
And Art itself but proves a still more dangerous foe.

Dust to its Dust will soon return
This mortal part, proud Tyrant of the Mind,
Nor leave of all its pomp behind,
But horrid lessons human Pride should learn,
Foul Worms, and Blood, and Stench that fill the Royal Urn.

Recede, ye base and servile train,
I cannot be the mighty thing ye say;
The wretched object of a day,
Which flatter'd Fancy would exalt in vain,
I know what I must be, and what I am disdain.

But warm'd with Heaven's eternal flame,
Shall that which lives, which thinks, the Mind
Be fleeting as the empty wind?
Or say, can Death its active efforts tame,
O God, who first inspir'd this animated frame?

No: for the Mind above the grave
Unfetter'd springs, and searching Nature's stores
It knows itself, and thee adores,
Secure, O God, whose word its being gave,
That what created first has certain power to save;

While

While thus of Death dispels the cloud,
Can sensual joy life's narrow view confine ?
True Virtue feels the hope divine
Of bliss sincere : not so the guilty crowd ;
Thy arm for ever blasts the wicked and the proud.

Great God ! and is eternal pain
Or joy of Heaven reserv'd for me in store ?
Thy breath but wafts to either shore ;
Scarce can the tortur'd mind the thought sustain ;
I fly forbidden joys, the sensual, and the vain.

Yet fast to earth is Nature bound :
Back on its wonted objects turns the Mind,
And lags the slave of life behind :
While Reason's efforts are too painful found
To rend the rooted oak that loves its native ground.

Objects of every jealous eye,
Ye dreams of mortal good, that swift decay,
How do ye stop my destin'd way ?
And force me back the paths of sense to try ?
Ye point the sting of Death, and more than once I die.

Scenes of astonishment ! the world how blind !
Is Death depriv'd of all his mighty power ?
Do none expect the fatal hour ?
Is there a wish to Nature's bounds confin'd ?
Is there a scheme forgot, or toil for this resign'd ?

See

See Mortals still acquire, assume,
 As if more vigilant they Death could shun,
 To honours fly, to combats run,
 And he whose footsteps tremble o'er the tomb
 Builds up new plans of life, and sudden meets his doom.

Rush on, ye madding train,
 A thousand rocks, a thousand storms despise,
 To reach the good ye idolize :
 Go, of accumulated wealth be vain :
 Go, ravage other worlds, if other worlds remain.

Let neither law, nor power divine,
 Nor Nature's anxious Monitor within
 Repress each greatly daring Sin ;
 Go : bid with want the plunder'd Orphan pine,
 And with polluted hands disturb each sacred shrine ;

Proceed : but soon your views are past ;
 Accurst, at once ye droop, and are no more :
 Who would not think, to see your store,
 That all the projects your Ambition cast
 Beyond the grave were stretch'd, and would for ever last ?

Ye mighty Leaders, mighty Kings,
 With flames, and blood, whose battles mark your way ;
 Do Monarch hope eternal sway ?
 In vain each distant clime its tribute brings,
 Sprung from the dust ye mix with long-forgotten things.

Himself

Himself the Victor cannot save ;
 If but to die is yours, how short is Glory's sum ?
 In vain ye fought and overcome,
 Nor aught avail the spoils Ambition gave
 To hang with conquer'd crowns the putrid Monarch's grave.

On Nature's theatre display'd
 All is the sport of Death ; the change I fear ;
 New objects rise, then disappear ;
 Around my brows the cypress casts a shade ;
 I scorn the sweets of life, and all its roses fade.

Yet 'midst this sage, but painful lore,
 While awful truths their sacred light reveal,
 What means this latent wish I feel ?
 Is then my bosom's Lord itself no more ?
 Wretch ! that I drag new chains more ponderous than before.

Rules then the mind, this Lord supreme ?
 Which every weak, and vain allurements draws
 To Pleasure's throne, and tyrant laws.
 Quick we return in life from what we seem
 To what we are, and wake from calm Reflection's dream.

As wandering Fancy leads we go ;
 By turns we reason, or submit to sense,
 And incoherent parts commence
 That fill the stage of Folly, Shame, and Woe ;
 Nor from the hook escap'd again the bait we know.

Voltaire,

Voltaire, in this eternal round
How swift our active spirits urge their way !
By both extremes deceiv'd we stray,
Now caught by sense, now lost in thought profound,
And in the mutual change our happiness is found.



INSCRIPTION UPON A MONUMENT.

BY THE SAME.

HOW soon with nimble wings our pleasures haste,
And clouds involve the sunshine of the day !
The wint'ry storms howl o'er the dreary waste,
And fairest things tend swiftest to decay.

In dark oblivion all our glory ends ;
This morn we flourish, and the next we fade.
Time lifts his sweeping scythe : the pile descends
Where vain Ambition all her toils display'd ;

The work of nations, and the pomp of power
Sink : the once lofty spire, the dome's proud state :
The dust receives them at the destin'd hour,
And mighty kingdoms feel the force of Fate.

Fall, vain Ambition's pile, and lofty spires,
 But spare, stern Fate, the youthful and the gay;
 Soft pity sure such innocence requires;
 And so much beauty well might Death delay.



TO A LADY SITTING FOR HER PICTURE.

BY THE SAME.

THE weary look, desponding air,
 Ill suits, my dear, a face so fair:
 Resume your smiles; again supply
 The Graces caught by Fancy's eye.
 While Wilson sketches out the piece,
 We'll talk, to pass the time, of Greece;
 Of Greece, as you have often heard,
 For warriors, and for wits rever'd;
 The seat of Learning, and the Graces,
 Fam'd for fine arts, but finer faces;
 Where Painters, Poets, not as since,
 Were greater held than any Prince;
 In temples, palaces carest,
 None more the Ladies smiles possess;

For

For they were rich as well as clever,
 And riches were successful ever ;
 Priests, Senates, Nations, Kings desir'd
 The works their heaven-taught art inspir'd,
 And if a pencil chanc'd to drop,
 An Alexander pick'd it up ;
 Beauties would run to be sketch'd over ;
 The haughty Prince, tho' much a lover,
 Once for the copy, payment small,
 Resign'd up the original,
 The fair Campaspé's matchless charms,
 More conquering than the Monarch's arms,
 To one Apelles ; one who drew
 The Queen of Love, as Wilson you.

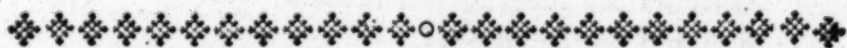
Each lovely maid, of Greece the toast,
 Such as our British isle can boast,
 In all their native beauty gay,
 As Hebé young, and sweet as May,
 Before him fate : from one he chose
 The eye which Love half seem'd to close ;
 This lent a face divinely fair,
 A mild and yet majestic air ;
 That gave what art in vain would seek,
 The spirits mantling in the cheek,
 And lips that softness seem'd to speak.
 Thus, from their various charms combin'd,
 One perfect Whole impress'd his mind ;
 But had Apelles painted now,
 He might, my dear, have copied you,

D 2

And,

And, as in truth, I think, was done,
 He would have from the picture run,
 And left the Venus but begun,
 To sacrifice the pride of art
 To the bright Goddess of his heart,
 And given up an immortal claim,
 For beauty's prize, the prize of fame.

}



E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

YES, it is past; the fatal stroke is given.
 Our pious sorrows own the hand of heaven.
 How short our joys! incumber'd life how vain!
 Still vex'd with evil's never-ceasing train;
 While roll the hours which lead each fleeting year,
 Each asks a sigh, and each demands a tear.
 O'er pleasing scenes the mind with rapture roves,
 Grasps in idea all its hopes or loves:
 Snatch'd from its view the pleasing scenes decay,
 And the fair vision melts in shades away.

Of

Of youth, of beauty, and of wit the boast,
 O lov'd for ever, and too early lost,
 Sweet maid, for thee now mingling with the dead,
 Her sacred griefs the tuneful Muse shall shed ;
 The soft remembrance of thy charms to save
 She plants with all her bays thy hallow'd grave.

Ye too, companions of her happier days,
 Heirs of her charms, and rivals of her praise,
 Amid the circles of the young and gay
 Your years unheeded urge their stealing way,
 While mixt with Pleasure's ever-smiling train,
 Ye know no sorrows, and ye feel no pain ;
 Yet, when no more the pulse tumultuous beats,
 Nor the pleas'd sense each flattering tale repeats,
 Let calm reflection the sad moral teach,
 That bliss below evades our eager reach ;
 That virtue only grants the real charm,
 Gives wit to win, and beauty power to warm ;
 And tho' like hers, whose recent fate we mourn,
 And ask your pity for a sister's urn,
 Your beauties shine in all their bloom confess'd,
 'Mid gazing slaves contending to be blest,
 Yet think like hers may soon those beauties fade :
 Like hers your glories in the dust be laid.
 Time's hardy steps in silence swift advance,
 Dim the bright ray that darts the fiery glance,
 And Age, dread herald of Death's awful reign,
 Blasts every grace, and freezes every vein.

When with a mother's joy, a mother's fear,
 The thoughtful parent dropt the silent tear,
 Gaz'd on her child, and saw new beauties rise,
 Glow in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes,
 In expectation plann'd each hope of life,
 The sister, daughter, mother, friend, and wife;
 Ah fleeting joys! how soon those hopes were o'er!
 We doom'd to mourn, and she to charm no more.
 The waning moon shall fill her wasted horn,
 And Nature's radiance gild the orient morn,
 The smiling spring with charms renew'd appear,
 The sleeping blossoms haste to deck the year,
 But bloom no more this fair departed flower,
 Nor wak'd by genial sun, nor vernal shower.

How vain, alas! was all thy father's art,
 Vain were the sighs which swell'd thy mother's heart.
 Again I see thee, just expiring lie,
 Pale thy cold lip, half clos'd thy languid eye,
 Thy guardian Innocence beside thee stands,
 And patient Faith uplifts her holy hands,
 Teach thee with smiles to meet the stroke of Death,
 Calm all thy pangs, and ease thy struggling breath.

Resign'd, dear maid, to earth's maternal breast,
 May sister Seraphs chaunt thy soul to rest.
 There shall the constant Amaranthus bloom,
 And wings of Zephyrs shed the morn's perfume.
 O'er thy sad hearse, fair emblems of the dead,
 By virgin hands are dying lilies shed.

The

The weeping Graces shall thy tomb surround ;
 The Loves with broken darts shall strew the ground ;
 In vain for thee they wak'd the fond desires,
 Wove myrtle wreaths, and fann'd their purer fires.
 The youthful God, who joins the nuptial bands,
 In vain expecting, near his altar stands ;
 Fate spread the cloud : his torch extinct, he flies,
 And veils with saffron robe his streaming eyes.

Yet O, while crown'd with never-fading flowers,
 Thy spirit wanders thro' Elysian bowers,
 If plaintive sounds of mortal grief below
 Reach the blest seats, and waft our tender woe,
 Hear, happy shade ; while thus our mortal lays
 This monument of soft affection raise.
 By gentle ties of kindred birth ally'd,
 The Muse, that sports on Camus' willow'd side,
 In Memory's lofty dome inscribes thy name,
 And with thy beauties strives to mix her fame.



T H E A C A D E M I C.

WRITTEN APRIL M.VCC.LV*.

B Y T H E S A M E.

I.

W H I L E silent streams the moss-grown turrets lave,
Cam, on thy banks with pensive steps I tread ;
The dipping osiers kiss thy passing wave,
And evening shadows o'er the plains are spread.

From restless eye of painful Care,
To thy secluded grot I fly,
Where Fancy's sweetest forms repair,
To soothe her darling Poesy ;

Reclin'd the lovely Visionary lies
In yonder vale and laurel-vested bower ;
Where the gay turf is deck'd with various dies,
And breathes the mingling scents of every flower :

* At the time of the establishment of Classical Prizes, and building the new public Library.

While

While holy dreams prolong her calm repose,
 Her pipe is cast the whispering reeds among ;
 High on the boughs her waving harp is hung,
 Murmuring to every wind that o'er it blows.

II.

Of't have I seen her bathe at dewy morn
 Her wanton bosom in thy silver spring,
 And, while her hands her flowing locks adorn
 With busy elegance, have heard her sing.

But say what long recorded theme,
 Thro' all the lofty tale of time,
 More worthy can the Goddess deem
 Of sounding chords, and song sublime,

Than, whose parental hand to vigour bred
 Each infant art, the Noble and the Wise ;
 Whose bounty gave yon' arching shades to spread,
 Yon' pointed spires in holy pomp to rise ?

Shall War alone loud-echoing numbers claim,
 And shall the deeds of smiling Peace be drown'd,
 Amid the Hero's shouts and trumpet's sound ?
 These too shall flourish in immortal fame.

III.

When Science fled from Latium's polish'd coasts
 And Grecian groves, her long and lov'd abode,
 Far from the din of fierce conflicting hosts,
 Thro' barbarous realms the weary wanderer trod ;

But

But to what more indulgent sky,
 To what more hospitable shade,
 Could trembling, bleeding, fainting fly
 The helpless and devoted Maid ?

Time-honour'd Founders ! ye the virgin woo'd !
 'Twas yours, with souls to native grandeur born,
 To bid her radiant beauties shine renew'd,
 With wealth to heap, with honours to adorn.

In Granta's happier paths she wept no more ;
 Heal'd were the wounds that scarr'd her gentle breast ;
 Here, still she smiles with Freedom's sons to rest,
 Nor mourns her Attic towers, nor Tuscan shore.

IV.

Fathers of Genius ! whom the Muse adores,
 For sure to you her noblest strains belong,
 Beneath whose venerable roofs she pours
 The grateful notes of sweetly flowing song.

Th' increase of swift revolving years
 With conscious pride exulting view ;
 How all ye plann'd complete appears ;
 How all your Virtues bloom anew :

The generous zeal which erst ye felt remains,
 Its bounteous beams still ardent to dispense ;
 Whilst unexhausted to your learned plains
 Rolls the rich stream of wide munificence.

Joy to your shades ! the great career is run,
 Reserv'd by Fate for some superior hand,
 Confest, the last, th' auspicious work shall stand,
 And Statesman, Monarch end what ye begun.

V.

Ye too, once Inmates of these walls renown'd,
 Whose spirits, mingling with th' ethereal ray,
 Of universal Nature trac'd the bound,
 Or rais'd in majesty of thought the lay,

See your lov'd Arts this clime to grace,
 Their rival radiance brighter shed,
 While Holles smiles the wreath to place
 Upon the youthful Victor's head.

Where Spencer sits among your thrones sublime,
 To the soft music of his mournful lays
 Listening ye weep for his ungrateful time,
 And point the better hope of happier days.

If with the dead dishonour's memory dies,
 Forget, much injur'd Name, th' unworthy woe ;
 In strains like thine so may our accents flow,
 In nobler numbers yon' fair domes arise.

VI.

When Faction's storms, or some fell Tyrant's hate
 Arts join'd with Freedom to one grave shall doom,
 Then tho' these structures to the hand of Fate
 Bend their proud height, like thine, imperial Rome,

Know,

Know, vainly, Time, thy rapid rage
 Shall point its wide destroying aim,
 Since what defies the force of age
 Thus consecrates the pile to Fame ;

Some future eye the ruin'd heap shall trace,
 The name of Holles on the stone behold,
 Shall point a Brunswick to a distant race,
 Benign, and awful on the swelling gold,

Th' historic page, the poet's tuneful toil,
 With these compar'd, their mutual aid shall raise
 To build the records of eternal praise,
 And deck with endless wreaths their honour'd foil.

VII.

Sweeter than warbled sounds that win the sense
 Flows the glad music of a grateful heart,
 Beyond the pomp of wordy eloquence,
 Or strains too cold, high-wrought with labour'd art.

Tho' weakly sounds the jarring string ;
 Tho' vainly would the Muse explore,
 The heights to which with eagle wing
 Alone can heaven-taught Genius soar ;

Yet shall her hand ingenious strive to twine
 The blooming chaplet for her Leader's brow ;
 While with new verdure grac'd, in Glory's shrine,
 The ampler Palms of civic Honours grow ;

When

When he, these favour'd shades appears to blefs,
Whose guardian counfels guide a nation's fate,
And with superior toils for Europe's state
Mixes the thought of Granta's happiness.

VIII.

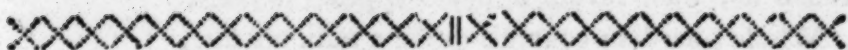
Hail seats rever'd ! where thoughtful pleasures dwell,
And hovering Peace extends her downy wings,
Where musing Knowledge holds her humble cell,
And Truth divine unlocks her secret springs ;

This verse with mild acceptance deign
To hear ; this verse yourselves inspire,
Ere yet within your sacred fane
The Muse suspends her votive lyre.

Thee, Granta, thus with filial thanks I greet,
With smiles maternal thou those thanks receive,
For Learning's humble wealth, for Friendship sweet,
For every calmer joy thy scenes could give.

While thus I sport upon thy peaceful strand,
The storms of life at awful distance roar ;
And still I dread, still lingering on the shore,
To launch my little bark, and quit the land.

KIMBOLTON



KIMBOLTON PARK.

BY THE REV. MR. H——.

THY Park, Kimbolton ! and surrounding shade,
 For rural love and contemplation made,
 Invite my song. Ye Sylvans ! haunt your bowers !
 Waft round your sweets ! and open all your flowers !
 And thou who shut'st not to the suppliant's prayer,
 Nor to the aid-imploring voice thine ear,
 Do thou, O MANCHESTER ! protect the song ;
 The Muse's care does to the learn'd belong :
 Grateful alike Muse, Subject, Author, bow,
 And hail the source whence all their pleasures flow.
 These plains that annual pour their sweets for thee,
 (Thanks to thy bounty) yield a part to me :
 And Ease, fair Virtue's, and the Poet's friend,
 Thro' your indulgence, on my steps attend.
 Impervious to the sun's most potent ray
 Yon lofty elms their arched heads display ;
 From far the traveller sees their summit rise,
 Scarce half distinguish'd from the neighbouring skies ;
 But oft surveying as he onward goes,
 Greener and fairer still the object grows ;
 Till underneath their shade, at ease reclin'd,
 He leaves the labour of the day behind ;

Soft

Soft breezes cool him from surrounding bowers,
And Nature bland her gay profusion pours.

So they who dauntless plow the dangerous main,
(What will not daring man attempt for gain ?)
At early dawn, from top-mast-head espy
A rising vapour in the bordering sky ;
Ere day's mid course, that vapour oft they find
A royal navy, hovering in the wind :
Yards, sails, and steamers crowd the whispering air,
And all the glories of the deep appear.

Nor less impervious that extended shade
By reverend oaks, the growth of ages, made ;
Save where wide avenues that shade divide,
And shew the woodland in its utmost pride.
Here let the huntsman wind the echoing horn,
Cheer his swift steed, and wake the rosy morn ;
Let dogs and men in noisy concert join,
And sportsmen call the harmony divine :
The Muse delights not, fond of pensive ease,
In dissipation, or pursuits like these.

And thou, sweet Thrush ! prolong thy amorous tale,
Let thy love-burden'd song delight the vale !
No leaden death I bring, no toils for thee,
Sing on, and soothe thy feather'd progeny.
Come ! peaceful Precepts ! of the Samian sage,
Unbend the bow, and curb an iron age !
Whatever laws short-sighted man may make,
Who cannot give, can have no power to take :
He, and he only, who could life bestow,
May call his blessing from the realms below.

Let

Let shaggy bears, that prowl Moscovia's shore,
 Stain their fierce claws, or dip their tongue in gore;
 This does not equal human beasts of prey,
 What they for hunger, we for pleasure slay.

Nor is this thirst of blood to man confin'd;
 See S—— a savage of the fairer kind!
 Pardon me, You! whose nobler tears can flow
 For aught that suffers misery below;
 Who shrink to rob the insect of its hour,
 Or bruise its offspring in the opening flower:
 Your form, your fears were by great Heaven design'd
 At once to charm and humanize mankind.

When Nature fair from her Creator sprung,
 And wondering angels hallelujahs sung,
 The sylvan scene, blest seat! to man was given,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.

To Peace then sacred be the shady grove!
 Be there no murmurs heard—but those of love:
 Love, fled from noise and cities, haunts the glade,
 The falling mountains, and the silent shade,
 Inspires each warbling songster in the bower,
 Breathes in each gale, and blossoms in each flower.
 When every object thus their charms combine,
 What bosom can resist the power divine?
 Too feeble that, which now the Muse inspires,
 And with her own, admits still warmer fires.
 Here, here I felt the soft infection rise,
 Pant at the breast, and languish in the eyes,
 When Mira to my humble cot was led,
 Love's willing victim, to an husband's bed;

And

And now still feel, in smother channels, run
 Those streams that rapid passion first begun :
 Esteem, affection, friendship ne'er decline :
 Nor are her virtues less for being mine.

Let Rome her fetter'd monks to cells withdraw,
 And force her own against great Nature's law :
 Drag blooming virgins useless from mankind,
 And give to lust, what was for love design'd :
 'Tis mine to tread on Albion's blissful shore,
 Where sinful celibacy binds no more.

Now sultry Phœbus, far from Thetis bed
 Darts his fierce rays resistless o'er my head.
 Slow thro' yon walks oft-winding let me rove,
 And wander deep within the silent grove !
 Or, if too potent there his beams invade,
 O ! let me tread those limes more cooling shade !
 That shade which shall your kind protection gain,
 And Brown himself provoke the axe in vain,

In milder climes, and blest with cloudless skies,
 Let slender domes on hills unshelter'd rise,
 Where constant seasons glad the neighbouring plains,
 And Phœbus holds, not Phaëton, the reins.
 But where loud waves oft vex the sea-girt shore,
 And sudden tempests, unexpected, roar :
 Where rough December, envious of her power,
 From gentle May oft plucks the tender flower :
 Where clearest morn to cloudy noon gives way,
 And stormy eve excludes the hopeful day :
 Where o'er the vast Atlantic vapours roll,
 Or frozen fogs dark issue from the pole,

There the firm building asks the planter's aid,
 " From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade."

In gardening great, th' improvement of the age,
 Clipt yews, cut out in Magogs, quit the stage;
 Half murder'd hollies meet with one wound more,
 And clasping ivy leaves the loaded door.
 But yet the axe may drive the edge too far:
 Brown, not with Nature, yet with climes may war:
 Use or convenience oft put in their claim,
 " And rise to faults good judges dare not blame;"
 Nor can true taste and elegance reside
 Where order and gradation are deny'd.

By walls immur'd, or lost within a wood
 The cloister'd mansions of our fathers stood:
 They sought protection from the dog-star's heat,
 And heard, tho' felt not, the rude tempest beat:
 But damps pervaded oft the gloomy hall,
 And green-grown mould defac'd the 'scutcheon'd wall.
 Fond of extremes (and wiser sure than they)
 We drive walls, trees, damps, arms, and all away:
 Yield still too far to every thing that's new,
 Nor dare to keep the golden mean in view.

But see! the sun the steep of heaven descends,
 And yon kind cloud her golden curtain lends:
 Let me, ye Walks? your flowery maze pursue,
 And on one plain the world's whole tribute view.
 That tribute, Commerce, which we owe to thee,
 As thou we owe to godlike Liberty.
 Here spicy shrubs, the growth of Afric, bloom,
 And ancient Asia breathes her sweet perfume:

Columbean

Columbean wilds their later treasures yield,
And British roses crown the flowery field.

AUTHOR of GOOD! how are thy blessings shed!
On man's, on thereby man's, much honour'd head!
From glowing India to the frozen pole,
Thy Providence supplies, protects the whole:
Nor are thy gifts at random thrown abroad,
Or undistinguish'd carelessly bestow'd;
For, whilst the whole in general blessings share,
Each part partakes thy more peculiar care:
Yon spreading fig, that first from India came,
Stretch'd broad her leaves to cool the sun-burnt dame:
Soft cypress rises on the Paphian plain,
To soothe the grief of some forsaken swain:
In cold Norwegia lofty pines arise,
A kind protection from the northern skies:
And various realms this one grand truth declare,
Who feels th' extremes of Nature, feels her care:
Ev'n winter stern, and angry tempests bring
Their secret treasures to the fruitful spring;
Pour fostering stores into the weary earth,
And call more gay reviving Nature forth.

Hail! youthful season! health-restoring Power!
That chear'ft the waste, and cloath'ft the roseat bower,
That bid'ft gay Nature all her sweets display,
And on benighted nations pour the day:
For thee the roses bloom, the violets spread,
And yellow cowslips rear their bended head:
Brisk thro' the thicket trips the spotted fawn,
And sportive lambs bound wanton on the lawn:

Those oaks, the future sovereigns of the sea,
Stretch wide their boughs, and clothe their heads for thee.

Bloom fresh, ye sacred Guardians of our isle!
War's rage is o'er, and Peace now deigns to smile:
Here stand the graceful monarchs of the wood,
Nor unprovok'd attempt the swelling flood:
Remain secure as erst when Druids made
Their songs divine beneath your reverend shade:
But soon as jarring nations, faithless grown,
Enrich'd with trade and commerce not their own,
Shall basely strive those honours to obtain
By meanest arts, which courage fought in vain,
Then, then indignant quit the fertile shore,
And bid the deep assist your thunder's roar.

When hapless England felt a tyrant's sway,
And that fierce tyrant fell to lust a prey,
Here, fill'd with grief, an injur'd princess^a fled
From short-liv'd grandeur, and divided bed:
Oppression spread her horrors o'er the plain,
And all thy sweets, Kimbolton! bloom'd in vain.

For not the fragrant breath of rosy morn,
Nor tuneful lark on rising pinions borne,
Nor all the verdure of the blooming spring,
Can to the broken heart lost pleasure bring.

^a Catharine of Spain, during the latter part of the time of the divorce, retired to Kimbolton Castle, where she died (it is supposed) of grief for the cruel treatment she received from Henry VIII.

hee. In England then the sons of Freedom slept,
 And drooping Virtue o'er their ashes wept :
 In vain for right the royal stranger cry'd,
 That right his slaves enjoy'd her lord deny'd :
 Yon inmost grove oft heard her mournful tale,
 Her sorrows spread along this silent vale ;
 Till Fate in pity call'd her to the shore,
 Where lust and tyranny oppresses no more.

Thrice happy change ! where royal virtue griev'd,
 The aged and the orphan are reliev'd ;
 And thankful widows crowd the open'd door,
 Where weeping majesty complain'd before.

O Britons ! (if to pagan powers ye bow)
 Be smiling Liberty ador'd by you !
 Where mad Oppression waves her iron wand,
 There Truth and Justice quit the wasted land :
 But where the people feel a father's sway,
 (As Rome felt once, and Britain feels to-day)
 There Justice equal with the Sovereign reigns,
 And peace and plenty glads the smiling plains.
 When they, who govern with the govern'd join,
 And, without faction, all their force combine ;
 Not the loud cannon, nor the ocean's roar,
 That beats with angry waves the sounding shore,
 Can crush contending hosts, or awe them more. }

divorce, grief for Those laurels, Granby ! that adorn thy brow,
 Far from the muddy fount of faction grow ;
 Fair Union gently rear'd the parent tree,
 That stretch'd so wide her boughs for Hawke and thee.

And thus united, subject of my lays!
 Thy sons, Kimbolton! claim'd the patriot's praise,
 Who left their fields to guard the threaten'd shore,
 Ere Eliot fought and Thurot was no more.
 And tho' no annals to their race shall tell,
 What numbers vanquish'd by their valour fell;
 The soul resolv'd that waited firm the foe,
 And in his bosom brav'd th' impending blow,
 Or conquer'd for his native fields, or bled,
 Tho' no green laurels shade his honour'd head.

But lo! my Muse! the humid drops descend,
 And parting shepherds to the hamlets tend,
 O! quit the task those beauties to display,
 That fairer spring with each returning day!

So Reynolds thus, presuming on his art,
 To trace those charms, my Lord! that win your heart,
 See softer smiles whene'er he lifts his eye,
 That bid him throw his baffled pencil by.





RETIREMENT. AN ODE.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

SHOOK from the purple wings of Even
 When dew's impearl the grove,
 And from the dark'ning verge of Heaven
 Beams the sweet star of Love;
 Laid on a daisy-sprinkled green,
 Beside a plaintive stream,
 A meek-ey'd Youth of serious mien
 Indulg'd this solemn theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
 High o'er the glimmering dale!
 Ye groves, along whose windings wild
 Soft sighs the sadd'ning gale!
 Where oft lone Melancholy strays,
 By wilder'd Fancy sway'd,
 What time the wan moon's yellow rays
 Gleam thro' the chequer'd shade!

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
 Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
 'Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
 To your retreats I fly:

Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me my woes resign,
Where Solitude, mild modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile, that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills each storm within!
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing.

Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When soft on Leisure's lap reclin'd
He caroll'd sprightly lays.
Blest days! when Fancy smil'd at Care,
When Pleasure toy'd with Truth,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
Had harm'd his simple Youth.

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.

Ah!

Ah! why did Fate his steps decoy
In thorny paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!——
O take thy wanderer home!

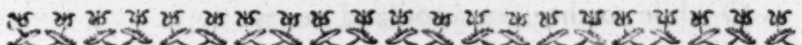
Henceforth thy awful haunts be mine!
The long-abandon'd hill;
The hollow cliff, whose waving pine
O'erhangs the darksome rill;
Whence the scar'd owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale fails away
To shades of deep repose.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And fragrant from the waste of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

Yet if some pilgrim, 'mid the glade,
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore!

For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains this heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread ;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled :
Leaps my fond flutt'ring heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain ;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.



THE TRIUMPH OF MELANCHOLY.

BY THE SAME.

MEMORY, be still ! why throng upon the thought
These scenes so deeply stain'd with Sorrow's die ?
Is there in all thy stores no chearful draught,
To brighten yet once more in Fancy's eye ?

Yes—from afar a landscape seems to rise,
Embellish'd by the lavish hand of Spring ;
Thin gilded clouds float lightly o'er the skies,
And laughing Loves disport on fluttering wing.

How

How blest the youth in yonder valley laid !

What smiles in every conscious feature play !

While to the murmurs of the breezy glade

His merry pipe attunes the rural lay.

Hail Innocence ! whose bosom all serene

Feels not as yet th' internal tempest roll :

O ! ne'er may Care distract that placid mien !

Ne'er may the shades of Doubt o'erwhelm thy soul !

Vain wish ! for lo, in gay attire conceal'd

Yonder she comes ! the heart-enflaming fiend !

(Will no kind power the helpless stripling shield ?)

Swift to her destin'd prey see Passion bend !

O smile accurst, to hide the worst designs !

Now with blithe eye she wooes him to be blest ;

While round her arm unseen a serpent twines—

And lo, she hurls it hissing at his breast !

And instant, lo, his dizzy eye-ball swims

Ghastly, and reddening darts a frantic glare ;

Pain with strong grasp distorts his writhing limbs,

And Fear's cold hand erects his frozen hair.

Is this, O Life, is this thy boasted prime !

And does thy spring no happier prospect yield !

Why should the sun-beam paint thy glittering clime,

When the keen mildew desolates the field !

How

How Memory pains ! let some gay theme beguile
 The musing mind, and soothe to soft delight :
 Ye images of Woe, no more recoil :
 Be Life's past scenes wrapt in oblivious night.

Now, when fierce Winter, arm'd with wasteful power,
 Heaves the wild deep that thunders from afar ;
 How sweet to sit in the sequester'd bower,
 To hear, and but to hear the mingling war !

Ambition here displays no gilded toy,
 That tempts on desperate wing the soul to rise ;
 Nor Pleasure's paths to wilds of Woe decoy,
 Nor Anguish lurks in Grandeur's proud disguise.

Oft has Contentment chear'd this lone abode
 With the mild languish of her smiling eye ;
 Here Health in rosy bloom has often glow'd,
 While loose-rob'd Quiet stood enamour'd by.

E'en the storm lulls to more profound repose ;
 The storm these humble walls assails in vain :
 The shrub is shelter'd, when the worldwind blows,
 While the oak's mighty ruin strows the plain,

Blow on, ye winds ! thine, Winter, be the skies,
 And tofs th' infuriate furge, and vales lay waste ;
 Nature thy temporary rage defies ;
 To her relief the gentler Seasons haste.

Thron'd

Thron'd in her emerald car, see Spring appear !
(As Fancy wills the landscape starts to view)
Her emerald car the youthful zephyrs bear,
Fanning her bosom with their pinions blue.

Around the jocund Hours are fluttering seen.
And lo, her rod the rose-lip'd Power extends !
And lo, the lawns are deck'd in living green,
And Beauty's bright-ey'd train from Heaven descends !

Haste, happy days, and make all Nature glad—
But will all Nature joy at your return ?
O can ye chear pale Sicknefs' gloomy bed,
Or dry the tears that bathe th' untimely urn ?

Will ye one transient ray of gladness dart,
Where groans the dungeon to the captive's wail ?
To ease tir'd Disappointment's bleeding heart,
Will all your stores of softening balm avail !

When stern Oppression, in his harpy fangs,
From Want's weak grasp the last sad morsel bears,
Can ye allay the dying parent's pangs,
Whose infant craves relief with fruitless tears ?

For ah ! thy reign, Oppression, is not past.
Who from the shivering limbs the vestment rends ?
Who lays the once rejoicing village waste,
Bursting the ties of lovers and of friends ?

But

But hope not, Muse, vain-glorious as thou art,
 With the weak impulse of thy humble strain,
 Hope not to soften Pride's obdurate heart,
 When ERROLL's bright example shines in vain.

Then cease the theme. Turn, Fancy, turn thine eye,
 Thy weeping eye, nor further urge thy flight;
 Thy haunts, alas! no gleams of joy supply,
 Or transient gleams that flash in sinking night.

Yet fain the mind its anguish would forego.
 Spread then, historic Muse, thy pictur'd scroll;
 Bid thy great scenes in all their splendor glow,
 And rouse to thought sublime th' exulting soul.

What mingling pomps rush on th' enraptur'd gaze!
 Lo, where the gallant navy rides the deep!
 Here glittering towns their spiry turrets raise,
 There bulwarks overhang the shaggy steep.

Bristling with spears, and bright with burnish'd shields,
 Th' embattled legions stretch their long array;
 Discord's red torch, as fierce she scours the fields,
 With bloody tincture stains the face of day.

And now the hosts in silence wait the sign:
 Keen are their looks whom Liberty inspires:
 Quick as the Goddess darts along the line,
 Each breast impatient burns with noble fires.

Her

Her form how graceful ! in her lofty mien
 The smiles of Love stern Wisdom's frown controul;
 Her fearless eye, determin'd tho' serene.
 Speaks the great purpose, and th' unconquer'd soul.

Mark, where Ambition leads the adverse band,
 Each feature fierce and haggard, as with pain !
 With menace loud he cries, while from his hand
 He vainly strives to wipe the crimson stain.

Lo, at his call, impetuous as the storms,
 Headlong to deeds of death the hosts are driven ;
 Hatred to madness wrought each face deforms,
 Mounts the black whirlwind, and involves the heaven.

Now, Virtue, now thy powerful succour lend,
 Shield them for Liberty who dare to die—
 Ah ! Liberty, will none thy cause befriend !
 Are those thy sons, thy generous sons that fly !

Not Virtue's self, when Heaven its aid denies,
 Can brace the loosen'd nerves, or warm the heart ;
 Not Virtue's self can still the bursts of sighs,
 When festers in the soul Misfortune's dart,

See, where by Terror and Despair dismay'd
 The scattering legions pour along the plain !
 Ambition's car, in bloody spoils array'd,
 Hews its broad way, as Vengeance guides the rein.

But

But who is he, that, by yon lonely brook ^b,
 With woods o'erhung, and precipices rude,
 Lies all abandon'd, yet with dauntless look
 Sees streaming from his breast the purple flood?

Ah, Brutus! ever thine be Virtue's tear!
 Lo, his dim eyes to Liberty he turns,
 As scarce supported on her broken spear
 O'er her expiring son the Goddess mourns.

Loose to the wind her azure mantle flies,
 From her dishevell'd locks she rends the plume;
 No lustre lightens in her weeping eyes,
 And on her tear-stain'd cheek no roses bloom.

Mean-while the world, Ambition, owns thy sway,
 Fame's loudest trumpet labours with thy name;
 For thee, the Muse awakes her sweetest lay;
 And Flattery bids for thee her altars flame.

Nor in life's lofty buffing sphere alone,
 The sphere where monarchs and where heroes toil,
 Sink Virtue's sons beneath Misfortune's frown,
 While Guilt's thrill'd bosom leaps at Pleasure's smile.

Full oft where Solitude and Silence dwell,
 Far, far remote amid the lowly plain,
 Resounds the voice of Woe from Virtue's cell,
 Such is Man's doom; and Pity weeps in vain.

^b Such, according to Plutarch, was the scene of Brutus's death.

Still Grief recoils—How vainly have I strove
 Thy power, O Melancholy, to withstand !
 Tir'd, I submit ; but yet, O yet remove,
 Or ease the pressure of thy heavy hand !

Yet for a while let the bewilder'd soul
 Find in society relief from woe ;
 O yield a while to Friendship's soft controul !
 Some respite, Friendship, wilt thou not bestow !

Come then, Philander, whose exalted mind
 Looks down from far on all that charms the great ;
 For thou canst bear, unshaken and resign'd,
 The brightest smiles, the blackest frowns of Fate.

Come thou, whose love unlimited, sincere,
 Nor Faction cools, nor Injury destroys ;
 Who lend'st to Misery's moan a pitying ear,
 And feel'st with ecstasy another's joys :

Who know'st man's frailty, with a favouring eye,
 And melting heart, behold'st a brother's fall ;
 Who, unenslav'd by Fashion's narrow tye,
 With manly freedom follow'st Nature's call.

And bring thy Delia, sweetly-smiling fair,
 Whose spotless soul no rankling thoughts deform ;
 Her gentle accents calm each throbbing care,
 And harmonize the thunder of the storm.

Tho' blest with wisdom, and with wit refin'd,
 She courts no homage, nor desires to shine;
 In her each sentiment sublime is join'd
 To female softness and a form divine.

Come, and disperse th' involving shadows drear;
 Let chasten'd Mirth the social hours employ:
 O catch the swift-wing'd moment while 'tis near,
 On swiftest wing the moment flies of joy.

Even while the careless disencumber'd soul
 Sinks all dissolving into Pleasure's dream,
 Even then to time's tremendous verge we roll
 With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

Can Gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
 Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
 Or soothe the sad inevitable Hour,
 Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the Dead?

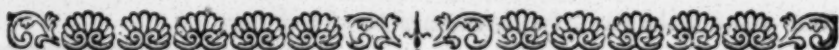
Still sounds the solemn knell in Fancy's ear,
 That call'd Eliza to the silent tomb:
 With her how jocund roll'd the sprightly year?
 How shone the nymph in Beauty's brightest bloom!

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
 Youth's lofty mien, nor Age's awful grace:
 Moulder alike unknown the Prince and Slave,
 Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
 The arch with proud memorials array'd,
 The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
 To dumb Oblivion's ever-defart shade.

Fancy from Joy still wanders far astray;
 Ah! Melancholy, how I feel thy power!
 Long have I labour'd to elude thy sway—
 But 'tis enough; for I resist no more.

The traveller thus, that o'er the midnight waste
 Thro' many a lonesome path is doom'd to roam,
 'Wilder'd and weary sits him down at last
 For the long night, and distant far his home.



E L E G Y.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A LADY,

BY THE SAME.

STILL shall unthinking Man substantial deem
 The forms that fleet thro' life's deceitful dream!
 On clouds, where Fancy's beam amusive plays,
 Shall heedless Hope his towering fabric raise!

Till at Death's touch th' ideal glories fly,
 And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;
 And, from the bowers of Beauty torn,
 The startled soul awakes to think—and mourn.

O Ye, whose hours in jocund train advance,
 Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance;
 Who flowery scenes in endless view survey,
 Glittering in beams of visionary day!
 O! yet while Fate delays th' impending woe,
 Be rous'd to thought, anticipate the blow;
 Lest, like the light'ning's glance, the sudden ill
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill:
 Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,
 Like me ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
 Pour your wild ravings in nights frightened ear,
 And half pronounce Heaven's sacred doom severe.

Wife! Beauteous! Good!—O every grace combin'd,
 That charms the eye, that captivates the mind!
 Fair as the flowret opening on the morn,
 Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
 Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
 To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
 Mild, as the strains, that, at the close of day
 Warbling remote, along the vales decay!
 Yet, why with those compar'd? What tints so fine,
 What sweetness, mildness can be match'd with thine?
 Why roam abroad? since still, to Fancy's eyes,
 I see, I see thy lovely form arise!

Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
 Gaze on that cheek, where all the Graces smile;
 That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
 Where Meekness beams ineffable delight;
 That brow, where Wisdom sits enthron'd serene,
 Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien:
 Still let me listen, while her words impart
 The sweet effusions of the blameless heart;
 Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
 Yields, gently led, to Virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspir'd, O Virtue, Age is young,
 And music warbles from the faltering tongue;
 Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
 And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
 Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
 Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes:
 Each look, each action, while it awes, invites,
 And Age with every youthful grace delights.
 But when Youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
 Resistless on the view the glory streams,
 Th' ecstatic breast triumphant Virtue warms,
 And Beauty dazzles with angelic charms,

Ah, whither fled!—ye dear illusions stay!
 Lo pale and silent lies the lovely clay!
 How are the roses on that lip decay'd,
 Which Health in all the pride of bloom array'd!
 Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd;
 With active life each speaking feature glow'd.

Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky ;
 Elate with hope we deem'd no tempest nigh ;
 When lo ! a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
 Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand that sooth'd Woe's weary head !
 All quench'd the eye the pitying tear that shed !
 All mute the voice whose pleasing accents stole,
 Infusing balm into the rankled soul !—
 O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
 And spare the weed, yet lop the lovely flower !
 Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven !
 To Virtue then no more the care of Heaven !—

But peace, bold thought ! be still, my bursting heart !
 We, not ELIZA, felt the fatal dart.
 Scap'd the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
 Nor blest the hand that broke the galling chain ?
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
 On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn ?
 Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
 O'er the dun gloom a dreadful glimmering throw ;
 Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye,
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
 Black billowy seas in storms perpetual tost,
 And weary ways in wildering labyrinths lost.
 O happy stroke that bursts the bonds of clay,
 Darts thro' the rending gloom the blaze of day,
 And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
 When dangers threat and fears alarm no more.

Transporting

Transporting thought! here let me wipe away
 The falling tear, and wake a bolder lay;
 But ah! afresh the swimming eye o'erflows—
 Nor check the tear that streams for human woes.
 Lo! o'er her dust, in speechless anguish, bend
 The hopeless Parent, Husband, Brother, Friend!—
 How vain the hope of Man!—But cease thy strain,
 Nor Sorrow's dread solemnity prophane;
 Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, o'er her bier
 In silence shed the sympathetic tear.



T H E H E R M I T.

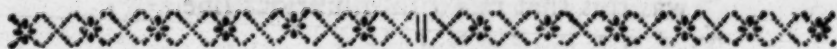
BY THE SAME.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
 A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
 Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd:
 He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.

“ Ah ! why thus abandon’d to darkness and woe ?
 “ Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?
 “ For spring shall return, and a lover bestow ;
 “ And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 “ Yet if Pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay ;
 “ Mourn, sweetest companion, man calls thee to mourn :
 “ O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass away ;—
 “ Full quickly they pass—but they never return !

/
 “ Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 “ The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent displays ;
 “ But lately I mark’d, when majestic on high
 “ She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 “ Roll on, then fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 “ The path that conducts thee to splendor again.—
 “ But man’s faded glory no change shall renew ;
 “ Ah ! fool, to exult in a glory so vain !

“ ’Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 “ I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you,
 “ For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 “ Perfum’d with fresh fragrance and glitt’ring with dew.
 “ Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
 “ Kind nature the embryo-blossom shall save.—
 “ But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 “ O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !”



O D E

● N L O R D H A Y ' S B I R T H - D A Y .

B Y T H E S A M E .

A Muse, unskill'd in venal praise,
 Unstain'd with flattery's art ;
 Who loves simplicity of lays
 Breath'd ardent from the heart ;
 While gratitude and joy inspire,
 Resumes the long-unpractis'd lyre,
 'To hail, O HAY ! thy natal morn :
 No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
 But twines with oak the laurel-leaves,
 Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers
 Thine ancestors reclin'd ;
 When sloth dissolves, and spleen devours,
 All energy of mind.
 To hurl the dart, to ride the car,
 To stem the deluges of war,
 And snatch from fate a sinking land
 Trample th' invader's lofty crest,
 And from his grasp the dagger wrest,
 And desolating brand.

'Twas

'Twas this that rais'd th' illustrious line
 To match the first in fame.
 A thousand years have seen it shine
 With unabated flame :
 Have seen thy mighty fires appear
 Foremost in glory's high career,
 The pride and pattern of the brave.
 Yet, pure from lust of blood their fire,
 And from Ambition's wild desire ;
 They triumph'd but to save.

The Muse with joy attends their way
 The vales of peace along :
 There too its Lord the village gay
 Exalts the grateful song.
 Yon castle's glittering towers contain
 No pit of woe, no clanking chain ;
 Nor to the suppliant's wail resound :
 Th' opening doors the needy bless,
 The unfriended hail their calm recess ;
 And gladness smiles around.

There, to the sympathetic heart,
 Life's best delights belong :
 To mitigate the mourner's smart,
 To guard the weak from wrong.
 Ye sons of Luxury, be wise ;
 Know, Happiness, for ever flies

The cold and solitary breast;
 Then let the social instinct glow,
 And learn to feel another's woe;
 And in his joy be blest'd.

O yet, ere Pleasure plant her snare
 For unsuspecting youth;
 Ere Flattery her song prepare
 To check the voice of Truth;
 O may his country's guardian power
 Attend the slumbering infant's bower,
 And bright Elyfian dreams impart
 To rouse th' hereditary fire;
 To kindle each sublime desire,
 Exalt and warm the heart.

Swift to reward a parent's fears,
 A parent's hopes to crown,
 Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
 That rear him to renown:
 When in his finish'd form and face,
 Admiring multitudes shall trace
 The beauties of his line combin'd;
 The courteous, yet majestic mien,
 The liberal smile, the look serene,
 The great and gentle mind.

Yet, though thou draw a nation's eyes,
 And win a nation's love,
 Let not thy towering mind despise
 The village and the grove.

No slanderer there shall wound thy fame ;
 No ruffian take his deadly aim ;
 No rival weave the secret-snare :
 For Innocence with angel-smile,
 Simplicity that knows not guile,
 And love and peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
 And lay its glories waste ;
 Content may slumber in the vale,
 Unconscious of the blast.
 Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
 The heart, alas ! is ne'er at home ;
 It hopes in time to rove no more :
 The mariner, not vainly brave,
 Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
 To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
 How vain your mask of state !
 The good alone have joy sincere ;
 The good alone are great !
 Not less, when in the vale of peace,
 They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
 And hear the voice of artless praise,
 Than when, along the trophy'd plain
 Sublime they lead the victor train,
 While shouting nations gaze.



THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST,
AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW OF
WINCHESTER COLL. CHAPEL.

WRITTEN AT WINTON SCHOOL BY DR. LOWTH,
LORD BISHOP OF OXFORD.

AT once to raise our reverence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and please the sight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the soul on wings of extasy ;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the visionary saint arise ;
Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,
Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires ;
Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd,
Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.

Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,
They check our pleasure with an awful fear ;
While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,
Author himself, and Heir of Jesse's race ;
In raptures we admire thy bold design,
And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,
So long shall last thy honour, praise, and name.

And

And may thy labours to the Muse impart
 Some emanation from her sister art,
 To animate the verse, and bid it shine
 In colours easy, bright, and strong, as Thine.

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
 While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes;
 The hoary sire Heaven's guardian care demands,
 And at his feet the watchful angel stands.
 The form august and large, the mien divine
 Betray the ^c founder of Messiah's line.
 Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascends,
 And high to Heaven its sacred boughs extends:
 Each limb productive of some hero springs,
 And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
 Th' eternal plant wide spreads its arms around,
 And with the mighty Branch the mystic top is crown'd.

And lo! the glories of th' illustrious line
 At their first dawn with ripen'd splendors shine,
 In DAVID all express'd; the good, the great,
 The king, the hero, and the man complete.
 Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
 And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
 See! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,
 The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!
 Hark,—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
 Sweet flows, or seems to flow, some heavenly song.
 O! could thine art arrest the fleeting sound,
 And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;

^c Jesse.

Could

Could the warm sun, as erst when Memnon play'd,
 Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade :
 Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
 Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.
 On either side the monarch's offspring shine,
 And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.
 Here Ammon glories ; proud, incestuous lord !
 This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.
 Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he tow'rs,
 And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
 There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,
 And his stol'n honour all his shame displays :
 The base usurper Youth ! who joins in one
 The rebel subject, and th' ungrateful son.

Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand :
 Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand ;
 His looks th' emotion of his soul disclose,
 And eloquence from every gesture flows.
 Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring
 Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty king :
 When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart
 Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conscious heart ;
 From his own lips condemn'd ; severe decree !
 Had his God prov'd so stern a Judge as He.
 But man with frailty is ally'd by birth ;
 Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth :
 Thro' all the soul tho' virtue holds the rein,
 Beats at the heart, and springs at every vein :
 Yet ever from the clearest source have ran
 Some gross alloy, some tincture of the man.

But

But who is he—deep musing—in his mind,
 He seems to weigh in Reason's scales, Mankind;
 Fix'd Contemplation holds his steady eyes—
 I know the Sage^d; the wisest of the wise.
 Blest with all man could wish, or prince obtain,
 Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings vain.
 And lo! bright glittering in his sacred hands,
 In miniature the glorious temple stands.
 Effulgent frame! stupendous to behold!
 Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd gold,
 The wandering ark, in that bright dome inshrin'd,
 Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfin'd!
 Above th' unutterable glory plays
 Prefence divine! and the full-streaming rays
 Pour thro' reluctant crowds intolerable blaze.

But stern Oppression rends Reboam's reign;
 See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!
 Th' imperial sceptre totters in his hand,
 And proud Rebellion triumphs in the land.
 Curs'd with Corruption's ever-fruitful spring,
 A beardless Senate, and a haughty King.

There Afa, good and great, the sceptre bears,
 Justice attends his peace, success his wars:
 While Virtue was his sword, and Heaven his shield,
 Without controul the warrior swept the field;
 Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,
 And half her swarthy sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd.

^d Solomon.

But since thy flagging piety decay'd,
 And barter'd God's defence for human aid ;
 See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
 Nor herbs, nor healthful arts avail thee now,
 Nor is Heaven chang'd, apostate prince, but Thou. }
 No mean atonement does this lapse require ;
 But see the Son, you must forgive the Sire :
 He, ^e the just prince—with every virtue blest,
 He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd,
 Around his throne, fair happiness and peace
 Smooth'd every brow, and smil'd in every face.
 As when along the burning waste he stray'd,
 Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,
 Where drought incumbent on the thirsty ground,
 Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts around ;
 The ^f prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
 To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.
 The new-sprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,
 Trickle luxurious thro' the sucking plain ;
 Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,
 And o'er the desert Plenty pours her horn.
 So, from the throne his influence he sheds,
 And bids the Virtues raise their languid heads ;
 Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
 Oppression flies, and Justice lifts her scales.
 See, on his arm, the royal eagle stand,
 Great type of conquest and supreme command ;

But

^e Josaphat^f Eliha.

Vol. IV.

G

Th'

Th' exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,
 And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
 Fierce Moab's sons prevent th' impending blow,
 Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.
 The pious Hero vanquish'd Heaven by prayer;
 His faith an army, and his vows a war.
 Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent blest,
 And thy days shone, in fairest actions drest;
 Till that rash hand, by some blind frenzy sway'd,
 Unclean, the sacred office durst invade.
 Quick o'er thy limbs the surfy venom ran,
 And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.

Transmissive worth adorns the pious ^g Son,
 The father's virtues with the father's throne.
 Lo! there he stands: he who the rage subdu'd
 Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his sword in blood,
 And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace,
 With thy base front, the glories of thy race?
 See the vile King his iron sceptre bear—
 His only praise attends the pious ^h Heir;
 He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,
 The best good son, from the most wicked fire.
 And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
 Long exil'd Piety returns again:
 Again, in genuine purity she shines,
 And with her presence gilds the long-neglected shrines.
 Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious ⁱ Lord
 Bid Heaven to arms, and vaunt his dreadful sword;

^g Jotham.^h Hezekiah.ⁱ Sennacherib.

His own vain threats th' insulting King o'erthrow,
 But breathe new Courage on the generous foe,
 Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
 The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand,
 Leant down from Heaven : amid the storm he rode,
 March'd Pestilence before him ; as he trod,
 Pale Desolation bath'd his steps in blood. }
 Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud host he past,
 Dispensing death, and drove the furious blast ;
 Nor bade Destruction give her revels o'er,
 Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human gore.
 But what avails thee, pious Prince, in vain
 Thy sceptre rescu'd, and th' Assyrian slain ?
 Ev'n now the soul maintains her latest strife,
 And Death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life.
 Yet see, kind Heaven renews thy brittle thread,
 And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head ;
 Lo ! the receding sun repeats his way,
 And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
 Tho' Nature her inverted course forego,
 The day forget to rest, the time to flow,
 Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
 His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure ;
 On them her ever-healing rays shall shine ;
 More mild, and bright, and sure, O sun ! than thine.
 At length, the long-expected Prince behold,
 The last good King ; in ancient days foretold,
 When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame
 Rent to its base, at good Josiah's name.

Blest, happy prince ! o'er whose lamented urn,
In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom sad Sion's softest sorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great
Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate;
Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,
And anguish tears her, with convulsive sighs.
The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the servile chain;
'Till he, ^k Great Chief! in Heaven's appointed time,
Leads back her children to their native clime.
Fair Liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envy'd walls securely rise.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin spread,
Again shall lift sublime thy sacred head.
But ah ! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint resemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful answers from the mystic cloud :
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
And Heaven has left thy solitary shrine.
Yet, in thy courts hereafter shalt thou see
Presence immediate of the Deity,
The light himself reveal'd, the God confest in thee. }

And now at length the fated term of years
The world's desire have brought, and lo ! the God appears.

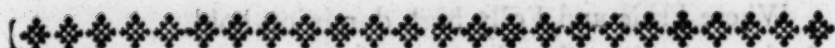
^k Zorobabel.

The Heavenly babe the Virgin Mother bears,
 And her fond looks confess the parent's cares,
 The pleasing burden on her breast she lays,
 Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile surveys.
 The Infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,
 And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.
 A radiant glory speaks him all Divine,
 And in the Child the beams of Godhead shine.

But now alas! far other views disclose
 The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.
 See where man's voluntary sacrifice
 Bows his meek head, and God Eternal dies!
 Fixt to the Cross, his healing arms are bound,
 While copious Mercy streams from every wound.
 Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,
 And the strong pang that rends the stubborn soul!
 As all death's tortures, with severe delay,
 Exult and riot in the noblest prey,
 And can'st thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,
 Nor share the anguish which He bears for Thee?
 Thy sin, for which his sacred flesh is torn,
 Points every nail, and sharpens every thorn;
 Canst thou?—while Nature smarts in every wound,
 And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground!
 Lo! the black sun, his chariot backward driven,
 Blots out the day, and perishes from Heaven:
 Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
 And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.
 The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
 And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more shalt wide display
 Thy fatiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
 Thou, groaning earth, shalt heave, absorpt in flame,
 As the last pangs convulse thy labouring frame;
 When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,
 Wrapt in full blaze of Power and Majesty,
 Ride on the clouds; whilst, as his chariot flies,
 The bright effusion streams thro' all the skies.
 Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
 And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
 The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
 And all man's arts and labour be no more.
 Then shall the splendors of th' enliven'd glass
 Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.
 And O! till earth, and seas, and Heaven decay,
 Ne'er may that fair creation fade away;
 May winds and storms those beauteous colours spare,
 Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair,
 All the vain rage of wasting time repel,
 And his Tribunal see, whose Cross they paint so well.





E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes;
And chearful skies and limpid streams are seen;
Thick-sprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier scenes shall crown th' advancing year,
When blooming Spring's full bounty is display'd;
The smile of beauty every vale shall wear;
The voice of song enliven every shade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the prospects sprightly May should yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or snows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But should kind Spring her wonted bounty shower,
The smile of beauty and the voice of song;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpower,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I shun the scenes where maddening Passion raves,
 Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold,
 And unrelenting Avarice drives her slaves
 O'er prostrate Virtue in pursuit of gold :

The grassy lane, the wood-surrounded field,
 The rude stone fence, with fragrant wall-flowers gay,
 The clay-built cot, to me more pleasure yield
 Than all the pomp imperial domes display ;

And yet ev'n here amid these secret shades,
 These simple scenes of unprov'd delight,
 Affliction's iron hand my breast invades,
 And Death's dread dart is ever in my sight.

While genial suns to genial showers succeed ;
 (The air all mildness, and the earth all bloom)
 While herds and flocks range sportive o'er the mead,
 Crop the sweet herb, and snuff the rich perfume ;

O why alone to hapless man deny'd
 To taste the bliss inferior beings boast !
 O why this fate that fear and pain divide
 His few short hours on earth's delightful coast !

Ah cease—no more of Providence complain !
 'Tis sense of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
 Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
 And palls each joy by heaven indulg'd below :

W hy

Why else the smiling infant train so blest,
Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
Or wild desire inflames the youthful breast,
Or ill propension ripens into sin ?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
As to the sportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys sincere their seasons yield,
And all their days and all their prospects please ;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled streets,
Where on Thamesis' banks I liv'd immur'd,
The new blown fields that breath'd a thousand sweets,
To Surry's wood-crown'd hills my steps allur'd :

O happy hours, beyond recovery fled !
What share I now " that can your loss repay,"
While o'er my mind these glooms of thought are spread,
And veil the light of life's meridian ray ?

Is there no power this darkness to remove ?
The long-lost joys of Eden to restore,
Or raise our views to happier seats above,
Where Fear, and Pain, and Death shall be no more ?

Yes, those there are who know a Saviour's love
The long-lost joys of Eden can restore,
And raise their views to happier seats above,
Where Fear, and Pain, and Death shall be no more :

These

These grateful share the gift of Nature's hand ;
 And in the varied scenes that round them shine,
 (The Fair, the Rich, the Awful, and the Grand)
 Admire th' amazing workmanship divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamel'd vale,
 Shines not a pebble where the riv'let strays ;
 Sports not an insect on the spicy gale,
 But claims their wonder and excites their praise.

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
 For them more lively hues the fields adorn ;
 To them more fair the fairest smile of day,
 To them more sweet the sweetest breath of morn.

They feel the bliss that hope and faith supply :
 They pass serene th' appointed hours that bring
 The day that wafts them to the realms on high,
 The day that centers in eternal spring.





E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER, JULY MDCCLVII.

BY THE SAME.

THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,
The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling æther fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature scarce its rage sustains.

Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
And still and vacant where yon fields extend,
Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and heat,
The grassy harvest of the mead attend.

Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,
Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.

Where are the flowers that made the garden gay?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:

All

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
 What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields display,
 Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
 They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving song,
 That fill'd in genial Spring the verdant bowers?
 Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
 Pine thro' this long, long course of sultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliss by Summer brought?
 The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
 The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught,
 The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary soul Imagination cheers,
 Her pleasing colours paint the future gay;
 Time passes on, the truth itself appears,
 The pleasing colours instant fade away:

In different seasons different joys we place,
 And these shall Spring supply, and summer these;
 Yet frequent storms the bloom of Spring deface,
 And summer scarcely brings a day to please.

O for some secret shady cool recess!
 Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome trees,
 Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress;
 Where the long isle invites the lazy breeze:

But

But why these 'plaints—amid his wastes of sand,
 Far more than this the wandering Arab feels;
 Far more the Indian in Columbus' land,
 While Phœbus o'er him rolls his fiery wheels:

Far more the sensible of mind sustains,
 Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or shame.
 The hopeless lover, bound in beauty's chains,
 And he, whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame:

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
 Or lovely comfort lost in early bloom,
 He, whom the dreaded rage of fever burns,
 Or slow disease leads lingering to the tomb.—

Lest man should sink beneath the present pain;
 Lest man should triumph in the present joy;
 For him th' unvarying "Laws of heaven ordain,"
 Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.

Fierce and oppressive is the sun we share,
 Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;
 Hence shall our fruits a richer flavour bear,
 Hence shall our plains with riper harvests smile:

Reflect, and be content—for mankind's good
 Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
 To-morrow ceaseless shower may swell the flood,
 Nor soon yon sun rise blazing fierce again:

E'en

E'en now behold the grateful change at hand,
 Hark, in the east loud blustering gales arise ;
 Wide and more wide the darkening clouds expand, !
 And distant light'nings flash along the skies :

O in the awful concert of the storm,
 While hail and rain, and wind and thunder join !
 Let the great Ruler's praise my song inform,
 Let wonder, reverence, gratitude be mine.



E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN THE HARVEST.

BY THE SAME.

FAREWEL the pleasant violet-scented shade ;
 The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantled mead ;
 The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd ;
 The sunny wall, with bloomy branches spread :

Farewel the bower with blushing roses gay ;
 Farewel the fragrant trefoil-purple'd field ;
 Farewel the walk thro' rows of new-mown hay,
 When evening breezes mingled odours yield ?

Farewel

Farewel to these——now round the lonely farms,
 Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her feat;
 Th' autumnal landscape opening all its charms,
 Declares kind Nature's annual work complete.

In different parts what different views delight,
 Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
 Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,
 Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champain.

The smile of Morning gleams along the hills;
 And wakeful Labour calls her sons abroad;
 They leave with chearful look their lowly vills,
 And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

To various tasks address the rustic band,
 And here the scythe, and there the sickle wield;
 Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the land;
 Or range in heaps the produce of the field.

Some build the shocks, some load the spacious wains,
 Some lead to sheltering barns the fragrant corn,
 Some form tall ricks that towering o'er the plains,
 For many a mile the rural yards adorn.—

Th' inclosure gates thrown open all around,
 The stubble's peopled by the gleaning throng,
 The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
 And joyful swains that raise the clamorous song,

Soon

Soon mark glad harvest o'er—Ye rural lords,
Whose wild domains o'er Albion's isle extend;
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to heaven your grateful praise ascend.

For tho' no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your vallies smile,
Tho' the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursued for these thro' many a day their toil.

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares supply
Bright suns, or softening showers, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?

For Providence decrees that we obtain
With toil each blessing destin'd to our use;
But means to teach us that our toil is vain,
If he the bounty of his hand refuse.

Yet Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing muse betrays,
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
The voice of riot than the voice of praise.

Prolific tho' thy fields and mild thy clime,
Know realms once fam'd for fields and climes as fair,
Have sell the prey of famine, war, and time,
And now no semblance of their glory bear.

Ask Palestine, proud Asia's early boast,

Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil,
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coast,
Where the glad swains that till'd her fertile soil?

Ask, and behold, and mourn her hapless fall!

Where rose fair towns, where wav'd the golden grain,
Thron'd on the naked rock and mouldering wall,
Pale Want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's vallies smil'd in living green,

Where Sharon's flowers disclos'd their varied hues;
The wandering pilgrim views the alter'd scene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Ask Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd towers;

Where now the prospects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elysian bowers,
And silver streams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd?

Where Freedom's praise along the vale was heard,

And town to town return'd the favourite sound;
Where patriot War her awful standard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Persia pour'd around!

There Freedom's praise no more the valley cheers,

There patriot War no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor sage, nor martial chief appears,
But stern barbarians rule a land of slaves.

Of mighty realms are such the poor remains ?
 Of mighty realms that fell when mad with power,
 They lur'd each vice to revel on their plains ;
 Each monster doom'd their offspring to devour !

○ Albion ! would'st thou shun their mournful fates,
 To shun their follies and their crimes be thine ;
 And woo to linger in thy fair retreats,
 The radiant virtues, progeny divine !

Bright Truth, the noblest of the sacred band,
 Sweet Peace whose brow no ruffling frown deforms,
 Fair Charity with ever open hand,
 And Courage smiling 'midst a thousand storms.

O haste to grace our isle, ye lovely train !
 So may the power whose hand all blessing yields,
 Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,
 And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields.





E L E G Y.

WITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

BY THE SAME.

THE sun far southward bends his annual way,
 The bleak north-east wind lays the forest bare,
 The fruit ungather'd quits the naked spray,
 And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air,

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
 No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
 Save the dark leaves of some rude ever-green,
 Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.

Where are the sprightly scenes by Spring supply'd,
 The May-flower'd hedges scenting every breeze;
 The white flocks scattering o'er the mountain side,
 The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees;

Where is gay Summer's sportive insect train,
 That in green fields on painted pinions play'd;
 The herd at morn wide-pasturing o'er the plain,
 Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?

H₂

Where

Where is brown Autumn's evening mild and still,
What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest fields ?

To former scenes our fancy thus returns,
To former scenes that little pleas'd when here !
Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns ;
Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then restless fancy flies,
Where Indian streams thro' green Savannahs flow ;
Where brighter suns and ever tranquil skies
Bid new fruits ripen and new flow'rets blow.

Let Truth these fairer happier lands survey,
There half the year descends in wat'ry storms ;
Or Nature sickens in the blaze of day,
And one brown hue the sun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft as toiling in the mazy fields,
Or homeward passing on the shadeless way,
His joyless life the weary labourer yields,
And instant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of Nature free from Nature's strife ?
Who dreams of constant happiness below ?
The hope-flush'd enterer on the stage of life ;
The youth to knowledge unchastis'd by woe.

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
Led by false hope in search of many a joy ;
I find in earth's bleak clime no blest abode,
No place, no season sacred from annoy :

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
With his dark days I'll human life compare :
Not those who fraught with clouds and winds and rains,
Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O whence this wonderous turn of mind our fate !
Whate'er the season or the place posselt,
We ever murmur at our present state,
And yet the thought of parting breaks our rest :

Why else, when heard in evening's solemn gloom,
Does the sad knell, that sounding o'er the plain
Tolls some poor lifeless body to the tomb,
Thus thrill my breast with melancholy pain ?

The voice of Reason echoes in my ear,
Thus thou ere long must join thy kindred clay ;
No more these " nostrils breathe the vital air,"
No more these eyelids open on the day.

O Winter, round me spread thy joyless reign,
Thy threatening skies in dusky horrors drest ;
Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,
Nor ask an Eden for a transient guest.

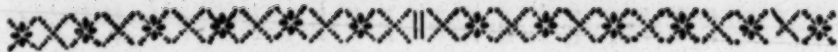
Enough has heaven indulg'd of joy below,
To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat ;
Enough has heaven ordain'd of useful woe,
To make us languish for a happier feat.

There is, who deems all climes, all seasons fair,
There is, who knows no restless passion's strife ;
Contentment smiling at each idle care ;
Contentment thankful for the gift of life ;

She finds in Winter many a scene to please ;
The morning landscape fring'd with frost-work gay,
The sun at noon seen thro' the leafless trees,
The clear calm æther at the close of day :

She marks th' advantage storms and clouds bestow,
When blustering Caurus purifies the air,
When moist Aquarius pours the fleecy snow,
That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harvest bear ;

She bids for all our grateful praise arise,
To him whose mandate spake the world to form ;
Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's chearful skies,
And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's sounding storm.



HYMN FROM PSALM VIII.

BY THE SAME.

ALMIGHTY Power! amazing are thy ways,
 Above our knowledge, and above our praise!
 How all thy works thine excellence display!
 How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
 Thy hand yon wide extended heaven uprais'd,
 Yon wide extended heaven with stars emblaz'd:
 Where yon bright orb, since Time his course begun,
 Has roll'd a mighty world, or shin'd a sun:
 Stupendous thought! how sinks all human race,
 A point, an atom in the field of space!
 Yet ev'n to us, O Lord! thy care extends,
 Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends;
 Yet ev'n to us, as delegates of thee,
 Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea:
 Whate'er or walks on earth or flits in air,
 Whate'er of life the watry regions bear:
 All these are ours, and for th' extensive claim
 We owe due homage to thy sacred Name!
 Almighty Power! how wonderous are thy ways,
 How far above our knowledge and our praise!



E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT AMWELL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE,
MDCCLXVIII.

BY THE SAME.

— **T**Hough kindly silent thus my friend remains,
I read enquiry in his anxious eye ;
Why my pale cheek the frequent tear distains,
Why from my bosom bursts the frequent sigh.—

Foe to the world's pursuit of wealth and fame,
Thy **THERON** early from the world retir'd,
Left to the busy throng each boasted aim,
Nor aught, save peace in solitude, desir'd ;

A few choice volumes there could oft engage,
A few choice friends there oft amus'd the day ;
There his lov'd Parents' flow-declining age,
Life's calm unvary'd ev'ning wore away.

Foe to the futile manners of the proud,
He chose an humble Virgin for his own :
A mind with Nature's fairest gifts endow'd :
And pure as vernal blossoms newly blown ;

Her

Her hand she gave, and with it gave her heart,
Her fond, fond faithful sympathizing breast ;
Free without folly, prudent with art ;
With wit accomplish'd, and with virtue blest :

Swift pass'd the hours ; alas, to pass no more !
Flown like the light clouds of a summer's day !
One beauteous pledge the beauteous comfort bore,
The fatal gift forbid the giver's stay.

Ere twice the sun perform'd his annual round,
In one sad spot where kindred ashes lie,
O'er Wife, and Child, and Parents clos'd the ground ;
The final home of man ordain'd to die.

O cease at length, obtrusive Mem'ry ! cease,
Nor in my view the wretched hours retain
That saw disease on HER dear life increase,
And med'cine's lenient arts essay'd in vain.

O the dread scene ! (in misery how sublime !)
Of love's vain pray'rs to stay her fleeting breath !
Suspense that restless watch'd the flight of Time,
And helpless dumb Despair awaiting Death.

O the dread scene !—'Tis agony to tell,
How o'er the couch of pain declin'd my head ;
And took from dying lips the long farewell,
The last, last parting, ere her spirit fled.

Restore

Restore her, Heav'n, as from the grave retrieve—
In each calm moment all things else resign'd,
Her looks, her language, show how hard to leave
The lov'd companion she must leave behind.

Restore her, Heav'n ! for once in mercy spare—
Thus Love's vain prayer in anguish interpos'd :
And soon Suspense gave place to dumb Despair,
And o'er the past, Death's sable curtain clos'd.

In silence clos'd—My thoughts rov'd frantic round,
No hope, no wish, beneath the sun remain'd ;
Earth, air and skies, one dismal prospect frown'd :
One pale, dead, dreary blank with horror stain'd.

O lovely flow'r, too fair for this rude clime !
O lovely morn, too prodigal of light !
O transient beauties, blasted in their prime !
O transient glories, sunk in sudden night !

Sweet Excellence ! by all who knew thee mourn'd ;
Where is that blooming form my soul admir'd ?
With native artless modesty adorn'd :
With pity, meekness, charity inspir'd.

The face with rapture view'd, I view no more,
The voice with rapture heard, no more I hear :
Yet the lov'd features Mem'ry's eyes explore ;
Yet the lov'd accents fall on Mem'ry's ear.

Ah

Ah sad, sad change! the source of daily pain
That sense of loss ineffable renews :
While my rack'd bosom heaves the sigh in vain,
While my pale cheek the tear in vain bedews.

While o'er the grave that holds the dear remains,
The mould'ring veil her spirit left below ;
Fond Fancy dwells, and pours funereal strains,
The soul-dissolving melody of woe.

Nor mine alone to bear this mournful doom,
Nor she alone the tear of Song obtains ;
The Muse of BLAGDON¹, o'er CONSTANTIA's tomb,
In all the eloquence of grief complains.

My friend's fair hope, like mine, so lately gain'd,
His heart, like mine, in its true partner blest ;
Both from one cause the same distress sustain'd,
The same sad hours beheld us both distress'd.

O Human Life ! how mutable, how vain,
How thy wide sorrows circumscribe thy joy ;
A sunny island in a stormy main,
A spot of azure in a cloudy sky.

Yet Love divine ! since man, infatuate man,
Rests in thy works, too negligent of thee,
Lays for himself on earth his little plan ;
Dreads not, or distant views mortality.

¹ See verses written at Sandgate Castle in memory of a lady.

'Tis but to wake to nobler thought the soul,
To urge us ling'ring from earth's fav'rite plain,
To Virtue's path our vague steps to controul,
Affliction frowning comes, thy minister of pain !



W I N T E R P R O S P E C T S
I N T H E C O U N T R Y .

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN LONDON, 1756.

BY THE SAME,

WHILE Learning's pleasing cares my friend detain,
By Thames's banks on London's smoky plain ;
Where spacious streets their peopled length extend,
And pompous domes and lofty spires ascend :
Far different views the lonely country yields,
Deserted roads, and unfrequented fields ;
Bleak scenes, where hoary Winter holds command,
And from his throne of clouds o'erlooks the land ;
He frowns—the power of vegetation dies,
Frosts bind the earth, and Tempests rend the skies ;
Or driving Snows descend, or pouring Rains,
Or chilling Vapours hover o'er the plains.

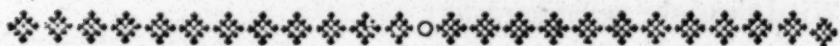
Sometimes

Sometimes awhile the hoary Tyrant sleeps,
 Hid in his cave beneath the watery deeps ;
 The distant sun extends a chearing ray,
 Bright smile the skies and soft the breezes play :
 Then airy lawns the morning walk invite,
 And rural landscapes charm the roving sight,
 Mix'd with brown stubble leafless woods are seen,
 And neat-plough'd furrows clad in scanty green ;
 While turbid waters, edg'd with yellow reeds
 Wind thro' the russet herd-forfaken meads ;
 And groves that Winter's fiercest rage disdain
 In fair plantations deck the shelter'd plain :
 There painted hollies with red berries glow,
 And their broad leaves the shining laurels show,
 And pines and firs their varied verdure blend,
 And cedars spread, and cypresses ascend.
 Pleas'd with the scene, I range from field to field,
 Till loftier lands remoter prospects yield ;
 And there the curious optic tube apply,
 Till a new world approaches on the eye ;
 Till where dark wood the hills slope surface shrouds ;
 Or the blue summit mingles with the clouds ;
 There fair inclosures lie of varied hue,
 And trees and houses rise distinct to view.

But this too oft th' inclement clime denies,
 Involv'd in misty or in wat'ry skies ;
 And yet ev'n then, with books engag'd, I find
 A sweet employment for th' exploring mind ;

There

There fair Description shews each absent scene,
 The corn-clad mountain, and the daisied green;
 There over distant lands my fancy roves,
 Thro' India's cany isles and palmy groves;
 Where clear streams wander thro' luxuriant vales,
 'Midst cloudless skies, and ever tepid gales,
 While Spring sits smiling in her brightest bloom,
 And calls around her ev'ry rich perfume.



HYMN FROM PSALM LXV.

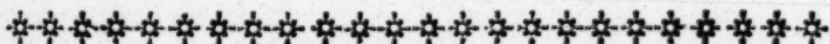
BY THE SAME.

PRAISE to th' Almighty Lord of Heaven arise,
 Who fix'd the mountains, and who spread the skies;
 Who o'er his works extends paternal care,
 Whose kind protection all the nations share;
 From the glad climes whence morn in beauty drest,
 Forth goes rejoicing to the farthest west;
 On Him alone their whole dependence lies,
 And his rich mercy every want supplies.
 O Thou, great Author of th' extended Whole,
 Revolving Seasons praise thee as they roll:
 By thee Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter rise,
 Thou giv'st the frowning, Thou the smiling skies;

By

(III)

By thy command the softening shower distils,
Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills ;
Then favouring sunshine o'er the clime extends,
And, blest by thee, the verdant blade ascends :
Next Spring's gay products clothe the flowery hills,
And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills ;
Then soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,
And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year :
Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,
And Nature's face proclaims her Maker's praise.



S O N N E T.

APOLOGY FOR RETIREMENT, 1766.

B Y T H E S A M E.

WHY asks my Friend what cheers the passing day,
Where these lone fields my rural home inclose ;
That me no scenes the pompous city shows
Lure from that rural residence away ?

Now thro' my laurel groves I musing stray,
Now breathe the gale that o'er the lilac blows,
Now in my grotto's solemn cells repose,
Or down the smooth vale wind at evening gray ;

Now

Now charms the lofty Poet's tuneful lay,
 Where Music fraught with fair Instruction flows ;
 Now Delia's converse makes the moments gay,
 The nymph for love and innocence I chose :
 O Friend ! the man who joys like these can taste
 On Vice and Folly needs no hour to waste.



S O N N E T.

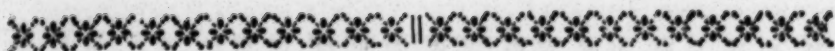
BY THE SAME.

OF Adverse Fortune gentle Shenstone 'plain'd ;
 The lib'ral soul, the taste that Nature gave ;
 In narrow bounds her partial hand restrain'd,
 But pour'd profusion on the titled slave :

Like his my lot, alike by me disdain'd
 The pomp of courts, one only boon I crave,
 O'er my fields fair as those Elysian feign'd,
 To bid the green walk wind, the green wood wave ;

On the high hill to raise the higher tower,
 To ope wide prospects over distant plains,
 Where by broad rivers, towns, and villas rise ;
 Taste prompts the wish, but Fortune bounds the power,
 Yet while Health cheers, and Competence sustains,
 These more than all Contentment bids me prize.

SONNET.



S O N N E T.

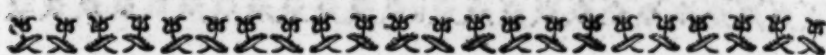
T O D E L I A.

B Y T H E S A M E.

THRICE has the year its varied circuit run,
And chearful, Delia, have the moments flown;
Since with my love for thee, my care begun
To form thy tender mind to virtue prone:

The flatteries of my sex I bade thee shun,
I bade thee shun the follies of thy own;
Fictitious manners by example won,
Alike to truth and innocence unknown:

Say, blooming Maiden, in whose gentle breast
Reigns simple Nature undisguis'd by Art,
Now amply try'd by time's unerring test,
How just the dictates of this faithful heart,
That with the joys thy favouring smiles impart,
Deems all its cares repair'd, itself supremely blest.



S O N N E T.

TO BRITANNIA.

BY THE SAME.

RENOWN'D Britannia! lov'd parental land,
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye:
Whene'er the weight of Want's afflicting hand
Wakes o'er thy vales the Poor's persuasive cry:

When Slaves in office Freemen's rights withstand,
When Wealth enormous sets th' Oppressor high,
And Bribes thy ductile Senators command;
Then mourn, for then thy Fate approacheth nigh.

Not from perfidious Gaul, or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main,
Tho' leagu'd in war tremendous round thy shore,
But from thyself thy Ruin must proceed;
Nor boast thy Power, for know it is decreed,
Thy Freedom gone, thy Power shall be no more.



ON READING

MRS. MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

TO Albion's Bards, the Muse of History spoke ;
" Record the glories of your native land,
" How her brave sons the bonds of Slavery broke,
" And Power's fell rod tore from th' Oppressor's hand.

" Give to renown the Patriot's noble deeds,
" Brand with disgrace the Tyrant's hated name ;
" Tho' Falshood oft' awhile the mind misleads,
" Impartial Time bestows impartial Fame."

She said, and soon the lofty lyre they ~~strung~~,
But, artful, chang'd the subject and the lore,
Applause of courts, and courtly slaves they sung,
But touch'd on Freedom's genuine notes no more.

The servile strain the Muse indignant heard,
Anxious for Truth, for Public Virtue warm,
She, Freedom's faithful advocate, appear'd,
And bore on earth the fair MACAULAY's form.



S O N N E T.

ON ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT.

BY THE SAME.

BOAST not your state, slaves of despotic sway,
Where wanton Gallia, 'midst her vine-clad hills,
Her olive bowers, her myrtle-shaded rills,
Her mild air's fan, her genial sun's survey :

Nor ye, where Asia like a queen sits gay,
'Midst her rich groves where odorous balm distils,
And the charm'd eye th' Elysian landscape fills,
And hand in hand young Spring and Autumn play :

Each boon to you your haughty lords deny,
And at their will your frail lives you resign :
Behold, and 'midst your flowery scenes repine !
Under bleak Albion's cloud-envelop'd sky,
Her meanest sons secure enjoy their own,
And bow to Heaven and Liberty alone.

WRITTEN



WRITTEN AT THE HERMITAGE
AT ALDERSBROOK, MDCCLXI.

BY MR. C——.

W Hoe'er thou art whom chance or choice may bring
To these fair groves of venerable shade,
The group of tall elms and the silver spring,
Blame not the man who these his choice has made.

Hast thou not heard, that in a venal age
Wife Scipio from the walls of Rome retir'd ;
Content to muse on Nature's simple page^m,
And scenes the oft'ner view'd, the more admir'd.

Silent, like him, oft let me range the wood, !
At morn's inspiring hour, or twilight grey,
And frequent sit where Reddon's ancient flood
Winds thro' delightful meads its chrystal way :
Ye Great ! unenvy'd 'midst your grandeur shine,
Whilst days of tranquil Solitude are mine !

^m In the words of Linternum, " Never less alone than when alone,"
was his favourite saying.



ADVICE TO A SHEPHERD.

BY THE SAME.

SHEPHERD ! seek not wealth nor power,
Let the verdant woodbine bower,
And the hills, and vales, and trees,
And the lonely cottage please.
Can the gaudy gilded room
Vie with fields in vernal bloom ?
Or Italian airs excel
Plaintive tuneful Philomel ?
Can the futile arts of dress
Grace thy modest Shepherdess ?
Happier in her humble sphere,
Than the daughters of the peer.
'Midst the city's tempting glare
Dwell Disease, and Strife, and Care ;
Quit not then the farm or fold,
Nor exchange thy Peace for Gold.



ODE ON AUTUMN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXI.

BY THE SAME.

ADIEU the pleasing rural scene,
Sequester'd shades and meadows green,
The field thick spread with sheaves of corn,
The walk at early hour of morn.

No linnet's salutary song
Soft echoes now the sprays among :
No nightingale's more plaintive strain
Soothes the lone peasant on the plain.

The vales their chearful green resign,
And on their stems the flowers decline :
No more we wish to pass the hour
Where elms and lilacs form a bower.

And see the swallows leave their home,
To distant, warmer climes they roam ;
Where zephyrs cool and grateful showers
Still wake the fair autumnal flowers.

How fade the glories of the year !
They bloom awhile and disappear,
And, melancholy truth, fond man !
Thy life's a flower, thy day's a span,

Parent of All ! tremendous Pow'r !
Whom every realm and tongue adore,
Whose mandate form'd earth's spacious plain,
And the immeasurable main.

Prostrate before thy throne we bow,
Author of circling seasons Thou !
O hasten happier days, and bring
One glorious, One Eternal Spring.



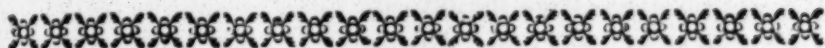
EPITAPH ON A PEASANT.

BY THE SAME.

THE Swain who own'd yon rural cot
Now lies near this sequester'd spot.
With his industrious faithful wife
He trod the path of humble life,
Nor knew the sorrows which await
The trifling revels of the great :

Here

Here village lads at evening hour
 Shall strew the lately gather'd flower,
 And pensive nymphs assemble here,
 To shed a sympathetic tear.
 O Stranger! thy sad tribute give,
 Like Damon die, like Damon live!
 For Virtue lasting plaudit gains,
 When freed from these terrestrial plains.



ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

BY T. SMOLLETT, M.D.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share!
 Lord of the lyon-heart and eagle-eye,
 Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
 Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
 Deep in the frozen regions of the North,
 A Goddess violated brought thee forth,
 Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
 Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in ev'ry varying clime;
 What time the iron-hearted Gaul
 With frantic Superstition for his guide,
 Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
 The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:

The

The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
 In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow ;
 And red the stream began to flow :
 The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood. ⁿ

A N T I S T R O P H E.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
 From altars stain'd with human gore ;
 And Liberty his routed legions led
 In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
 There in a cave asleep she lay,
 Lull'd by the hoarse resounding main ;
 When a bold savage pass'd that way
 Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
 Of ample front the portly chief appear'd :
 The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest ;
 The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard ;
 And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast,
 He stopt ; he gaz'd ; his bosom glow'd,
 And deeply felt th' impression of her charms :
 He seiz'd th' advantage fate allow'd,
 And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms,

S T R O P H E.

The Curliu scream'd ; the Tritons blew
 Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite ;
 Old Time exulted as he flew :
 And Independence saw the light.

ⁿ *Baptized with blood, &c.*] Charlemagne obliged four thousand Saxon prisoners to embrace the Christian religion, and immediately after they were baptized ordered their throats to be cut. Their prince Vitikind fled for shelter to Gotrick king of Denmark.

The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
 Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
 While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
 Th' auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born,
 The mountain Dryads seiz'd with joy,
 The smiling infant to their charge consign'd ;
 The Doric Muse caress'd the fav'rite boy ;
 The hermit Wisdom stor'd his op'ning mind.
 As rolling years matur'd his age,
 He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his fire ;
 While the mild passions in his breast asswag'd
 The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
 And zealous rouz'd from pole to pole,
 The rolls of right eternal to display,
 And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul.
 On desert isles o'twas he that rais'd
 Those spires that gild th' Adriatic wave,
 Where tyranny beheld amaz'd
 Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
 He steel'd the blunt Bardavian's arms
 To burst th' Iberian's double chain ;^p
 And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
 Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.

* *On desert isles, &c.*] Although Venice was built a considerable time before the æra here assign'd for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attain'd to any great degree of power and splendor.

^p *To burst the Iberian's double chain, &c.*] The low countries were not only oppress'd by grievous taxations, but likewise threatened with the establishment

He, with the generous rustics, fate
 On Uris' rocks in close divan¹
 And wing'd that arrow sure as fate
 Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

S T R O P H E.

Arabia's scorching sands he crost,²
 Where blasted nature pants supine,
 Conductor of her tribes adust,
 To Freedom's adamantine shrine;
 And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast³
 He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing;
 And taught, amidst the dreary waste,
 Th' all-chearing hymns of Liberty to sing.

establishment of the inquisition when the seven provinces revolted, and shook off the yoke of Spain.

¹ *On Uris' rocks, &c.*] Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss cantons.

² *Arabia's scorching sands, &c.*] The Arabs rather than resign their independency have often abandon'd their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the desert.

³ *And many a Tartar hord, &c.*] From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eastern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were used to fly into the remotest wastes of Cathay, where no army would follow them.

He

He virtue finds, like precious ore,
 Diffus'd thro' ev'ry baser mould;
 Ev'n now he stands on Calvis' rocky shore,
 And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.^t
 He, guardian genius, taught my youth
 Pomp's tinsel'd liv'ry to despise:
 My lips by him chafis'd to truth
 Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread
 Where varnish'd vice and vanity combin'd,
 To dazzle and seduce their banners spread,
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind:
 Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
 And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow,
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
 Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow:
 Wherever dimpling Falshood, pert and vain,
 Presents her cup of state profession's froth,
 And pale Disease with all his blasted train
 Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

S T R O P H E.

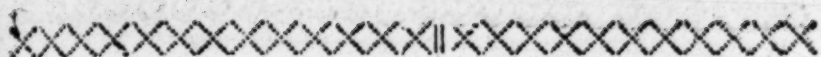
In Fortunes car behold that minion ride,
 With either India's glittering spoils opprest:
 So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.

^t *And turns the dross of Corsica, &c.* [The noble stand made by Paschal Paoli and his associates against the usurpation of the French King, must endear them to all the sons of liberty and independence.

For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,
 And all her gingling bells fantastic Folly ring:
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene,
 And Nature still to all her feelings just,
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
 Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

A N T I S T R O P H E.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
 Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chaunts,
 And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
 There, Study shall with Solitude recline,
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
 The slender chord that fluttering life sustains;
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
 And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;
 And Industry supply the humble store,
 And sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed:
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal spright,
 Shall chace far off the goblins of the night;
 And Independence o'er the day preside;
 Propitious power! my patron and my pride.



O D E T O S L E E P.

B Y T H E S A M E.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
 Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
 O listen from thy calm abode,
 And hither wave thy magic rod;
 Extend thy silent, soothing sway,
 And charm the canker Care away.
 Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
 Attended by an airy throng
 Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
 Such as adorn the wanton boy;
 Or to the monarch's fancy bring
 Delights that better suit a king;
 The glittering host, the groaning plain,
 The clang of arms, and victor's train;
 Or should a milder vision please,
 Present the happy scenes of peace;
 Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
 Rich Industry with toil embrown'd,
 Content, with brow serenely gay,
 And genial Art's refulgent ray.

O D E



O D E T O M I R T H.

BY THE SAME.

PARENT of Joy! heart-easing Mirth!
 Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
 Yet Goddesses fure of heavenly birth,
 Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
 Thy glittering colours gay,
 Around him, Mirth, display;
 And o'er his raptur'd sense
 Diffuse thy living influence:
 So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
 And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
 The grove shall smooth the horrors of his shade,
 And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
 Shine, Goddesses, shine with unremitted ray,
 And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labour with thee forgets his pain,
 And aged Poverty can smile with thee,
 If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
 And weak th' uplifted arm of Tyranny.
 The morning opes on high
 His universal eye;
 And on the world doth pour
 His glories in a golden shower.

Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray
 Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn;
 The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
 Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn.
 Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
 Quick, as the lightnings flash, glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
 That pours his purple stream
 O'er the long prospect wide?
 'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
 In majesty of light,
 With Laughter at her side.

Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering near
 Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
 And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
 That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
 Fear not now Affliction's power,
 Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
 Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
 Save the tardy hand of Age.
 Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's prayer;
 No cloud, that rides the blast, shall vex the troubled air.



ODE TO A SINGING BIRD.

BY MR. RICHARDSON.

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXON.

O Thou that glad'st my lonesome hours
With many a wildly warbled song,
When Melancholy round me low'rs,
And drives her fullen storms along;
When fell Adversity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickness, Want, Remorse, and Pain,
With all her host of carking cares—
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,
And give the humbled heart to Sympathy's controul.

Sweet soother of my misery, say,
Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing?
Why dost thou pour that artless lay?
How canst thou, little prisoner, sing?
Hast thou not cause to grieve
That man, unpitying man! has rent
From thee the boon which Nature meant
Thou should'st, as well as he, receive?
The power to woo thy partner in the grove,
To build where instinct points; where chance directs, to rove.
Perchance,

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
 And to the woes of bondage blind,
 Thou never long'st to join thy mate,
 Nor wishest to be unconfin'd;
 Then how relentless he,
 And fit for every foul offence,
 Who could bereave such innocence
 Of life's best blessing, Liberty!
 Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
 To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care.

But why for thee this fond complaint?
 Above thy master thou art blest:
 Art thou not free?—Yes: calm Content,
 With olive sceptre, sways thy breast:
 Then deign with me to live;
 The falcon with insatiate maw,
 With hooked bill and griping claw,
 Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive:
 And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,
 While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.

Nor shall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
 Thy wiry tenement assail;
 These, these shall be my constant care,
 The limpid fount, and temp'rate meal:
 And when the blooming Spring
 In checquer'd liv'ry robes the fields,
 The fairest flow'rets Nature yields
 To thee officious will I bring;

A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,
And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird, be thine.

From drear Oblivion's gloomy cave
The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,
And bid thee live beyond the grave—
This meed she knows thy merits claim;
She knows thy liberal heart
Is ever ready to dispense
The tide of bland Benevolence,
And Melody's soft aid impart;
Is ready still to prompt the magic lay,
Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.

Erewhile when brooding o'er my soul
Frown'd the black dæmons of Despair,
Did not thy voice that power controul,
And oft suppress the rising tear?
If Fortune should be kind,
If e'er with affluence I'm blest,
I'll often seek some friend distressed,
And when the weeping wretch I find,
Then, tuneful moralist, I'll copy thee,
And solace all his woes with social sympathy.



T H E H E R M I T.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

“ T U R N, gentle Hermit of the dale,
“ And guide my lonely way
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale
“ With hospitable ray.

“ For here, forlorn and lost I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow,
“ Where wilds immeasurably spread
“ Seem length’ning as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dang’rous gloom,
“ For yonder faithless phantom flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

“ Here to the houseless child of Want
“ My door is open still ;
“ And tho’ my portion is but scant,
“ I give it with good will ;

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
“ Whate’er my cell bestows ;
“ My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
“ My blessing, and repose.

K 3

“ No

“ No flocks that range the valley free
“ To slaughter I condemn ;
“ Taught by that Power that pities me,
“ I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side
“ A guiltless feast I bring :
“ A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
“ And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
“ All earth-born cares are wrong :
“ Man wants but little here below,
“ Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighb’ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir’d a master’s care ;
The wicket op’ning with a latch
Receiv’d the harmless pair.

And

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And chear'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd,
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answ'ring care oppress'd :
“ And whence, unhappy youth,” he cry'd,
“ The sorrows of thy breast ?

“ From better habitations spurn'd,
“ Reluctant dost thou rove ?
“ Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
“ Or unregarded love ?

“ Alas! the joys that fortune brings
“ Are trifling, and decay ;
“ And those who prize the paltry things
“ More trifling still than they.

“ And what is Friendship but a name,
“ A charm that lulls to sleep,
“ A shade that follows wealth or fame,
“ And leaves the wretch to weep ?

“ And Love is still an emptier sound,
“ The modern fair one's jest,
“ On earth unseen, or only found
“ To warm the turtles nest.

“ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
“ And spurn the sex,” he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms,
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

“ And

“ And ah ! forgive a stranger rude,

“ A wretch forlorn,” she cry’d,

“ Whose feet unhallow’d thus intrude

“ Where Heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,

“ Whom Love has taught to stray ;

“ Who seeks for rest, but finds despair

“ Companion of her way.

“ My father liv’d beside the Tyne,

“ A wealthy Lord was he ;

“ And all his wealth was mark’d as mine ;

“ He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms

“ Unnumber’d suitors come ;

“ Who prais’d me for imputed charms,

“ And felt or feign’d a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd

“ With richest proffers strove ;

“ Among the rest young Edwin bow’d,

“ But never talk’d of love.

“ In humble simplest habit clad,

“ No wealth or power had he ;

“ Wisdom and worth were all he had ;

“ But these were all to me.

“ The

“ The blossom opening to the day
“ The dews of heaven refin’d,
“ Could nought of purity display
“ To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
“ With charms inconstant shine ;
“ Their charms were his, but woe to me,
“ Their constancy was mine.

“ For still I try’d each fickle art,
“ Importunate and vain ;
“ And while his passion touch’d my heart
“ I triumph’d in his pain ;

“ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
“ He left me to my pride,
“ And sought a solitude forlorn
“ In secret, where he died.

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
“ And well my life shall pay,
“ I’ll seek the solitude he sought,
“ And stretch me where he lay—

“ And there forlorn, despairing hid,
“ I’ll lay me down and die ;
“ ’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
“ And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid

" Forbid it, Heaven !" the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast ;
'The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide ;
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear ;
" My charmer, turn to see
" Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
" Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And every care resign ;
" And shall we never, never part,
" My life—my all that's mine.

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love so true ;
" The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."



T H E B E L D A M E S.

B Y ———.

HA I L, happy Beldames ! yours those joys
Which time, nor accident destroys.

Sickness and cares your bliss dilate,
And pain but whets your lust of hate.

The flower of Youth will soon decay,
Health, Beauty, Pleasure fade away :
Sharp sorrows sting the breast humane,
And hopes are false, and wishes vain.
But hence your joys eternal flow,
Their source exhaustless, human woe.

For you fierce War high-piles his dead,
Disease thick-strews her squalid bed ;
Famine and Plagues their myriads sweep,
And Tempests lash th' all-whelming deep.
The fiery meteors hear your call,
And houses blaze, and temples fall.

But far remote from Britain's eye
The vaster scenes of ruin lie :
The cities in volcanos lost,
The scatter'd realms in whirlwinds tost,
Or, feller scourge, a Tyrant's brand
Wide-flaming o'er a blasted land :

Imperfect

Imperfect joy, the wretch unknown,
Unmark'd the pang, unheard the groan.

Here mighty Horror scarce appears ;
One plague perhaps in ninety years :
And Faction, long depriv'd of food,
Sits pining over public good ;
Or feeds, with self-tormenting spleen,
In present blifs, on ills foreseen,

But here more exquisite delight
From private woes soothes ranc'rous Spite.
In pride of youth our Frederic dies,
And Anguish seals my Lonsdale's eyes :
Richmond his gen'rous soul resign'd,
And Ca'ndish, friend to human kind,
Ev'n thoughtless^u Pleasure droop'd her head,
While Britain wept o'er Pelham's bed.
Yet such your joys, as when the bell
First toll'd unhappy S——'s knell ;
When by that hand, which thousands fed,
The best, the bravest Briton bled ;
And clos'd a life in virtue past
With one wrong deed, his first and last.

Whether impure and hard of soul
The Daughter mix'd the deadly bowl ;
Or if seducing Love betray'd
To crimes unknown the yielding maid ;
Whether in weakness or in guilt,
One joy is sure, her blood is spilt :

^u Upon Mr. Pelham's death the places of public diversion were for a time deserted.

And

And still to raise the transport higher,
Believe her innocent expire!

By no degree, no sex defin'd,
Their Virtues stamp the Beldame-kind,
Who cringe and slander, sting and fawn,
In rags, or lace, or fur, or lawn;
Whether in perriwigs or pinner's,
If Whitfield's faints, or Arthur's finners;
If now the scold at Wapping flames,
Or flaunts a Dutcheſs at St. James';
Alike, if they revile or flatter,
(Who lie in praise, will lie in satire)
All the foul sisterhood compose,
All those, and all resembling those.

But some, in hoary Age's train,
By sixty winters chill'd in vain,
With hearts that melt, and nerves that feel,
Display a breast unarm'd with steel.
How few are these! and of these few
Good Heaven hath seiz'd on Montagu.
Germain yet lives, not half reveal'd,
Her bounties more than half conceal'd;
And should I add another name,
Blushing she flies pursuing Fame.
For such is Virtue's aukward pride,
Scarce more intent to give than hide.
Peace to all such in silent state,
So few, scarce worth the Beldame's hate.

'Tis not enough that Nature's plan
To Cares, to Death predestines Man;

That

That ev'n those few, we happy call,
 Bend to the gen'ral doom of all,
 While bliss, a scanty portion, flows
 Mixt in the stream of bitter woes :
 Not one escapes the Beldame's hate,
 Great leveller to one estate.

As in the Sun's meridian blaze
 A cloud obscene of insects plays,
 Or with invenom'd sting invades
 The quiet of sequester'd shades,
 Now swarms on filth, and now pollutes
 The nectar of the fairest fruits :
 So thro' each rank, thro' ev'ry stage
 Wanton's the ceaseless Beldame's rage.
 Sublimely rapt in patriot heat,
 Furious she shakes the Monarch's seat,
 Now stooping spurns the lowly cell
 Where calm Content, and Concord dwell,
 Well pleas'd degraded worth to see,
 Or felons load the groaning tree.

Yet shall the tear of Pity flow,
 Yet shall her hand exalt the low ;
 Shall pull aspiring Merit down,
 And deck the base with Honour's crown ;
 Intent to low'r, not fond to raise,
 Hatred her friendship, spite her praise.
 Or when some all-respected name,
 High-borne upon the tide of Fame,
 In Glory's pomp resistless draws
 A nation breathless in applause ;

The

The Beldame loud exalts her voice,
 And bids a gladden'd world rejoice ;
 Yet then dissembling Art will blend
 Th' unwilling censure of a Friend :
 Lavish in praise she pours her soul,
 But one exception damns the whole.

Behold the fiend all pallid stand,
 A pencil trembling in her hand :
 See Malice mix the various dies
 Of fainter truths, and bolder lies.
 The deep'ning gloom thick spreads around
 And low'ring shades the dusky ground.
 There Sickness blights the cheek of Health,
 And Beggary foils the robe of Wealth.
 Here, Columns moulder in decay ;
 There Virtue sets with dubious ray.
 Now heav'nly Beauty fades, and now
 The laurel droops on Valour's brow.

Around the Dæmon throngs her race,
 The weak, the busy, and the base ;
 Eager to copy and disperse :
 Hence stand'rous Prose, and ribald Verse ;
 The heaps that crowd Suilla's board,
 And swell wise Paul's precious hoard.
 There Scandal all its store unloads,
 Ballads, and Epigrams, and Odes :
 Stern Party whets her blunted knife,
 And stabs the husband thro' the Wife ;
 While Notes historically sage
 Fill the broad margin of each Page ;

Initials,

Ve

Initials, dashes well supply'd,
 And all that fear or shame would hide;
 Faithful record for future times
 To harden by their fathers' crimes.

No Beldam Bard with phrenzy fir'd,
 No prophets by hell inspir'd,
 Creative boasts so rich a vein
 As swells the Beldame's teeming brain,
 And mocking study, wit, and sense,
 Flows in unletter'd eloquence.

Thus beyond Truth's contracted line
 Invention's Universe is thine.
 Thine every tale that Fiction brings,
 Whether she soars with painted wings,
 Or plunges in the depths of night
 For horrid deeds, unknown to light.
 There should she mark some real blot,
 Tho' long forgiv'n, tho' long forgot;
 God's cancell'd Grace her rage resumes,
 The crime rejudg'd, the man she dooms;
 In deeper dyes she spreads the stain,
 And pitying Heaven relents in vain.

Fitly, o'er Libya's horrid sand,
 The javelin arms the huntsman's hand.
 Lo! where the mangled traveller lies,
 Drawn by the false Hyæna's cries;
 And dreadful stalking o'er the plain,
 The Lion shakes his brindled mane.
 But why shall barb'rous Rage invade
 The tenant of yon peaceful shade,

While issuing with the morning's dawn,
 Playful she prints the dewy lawn ?
 O why that hostile pomp prepare
 To vex the timorous harmless hare ?
 As if some monster, yet untam'd,
 Single a host of Heroes claim'd :
 While Echo o'er the hills resounds
 Horsemen, and steeds, and horns, and hounds.

Such, nor less eager in their chace,
 Forth springs the clam'rous Beldame race :
 Harsh Chorus of discordant notes
 From yelping tongues and time-crack'd throats :
 Where lewder Youth outstrips the wind,
 And limping Eighty lags behind :
 Yet faithful to the beaten track
 The slow-pac'd sluggard hunts the pack.
 Meek Virtue to the covert flies
 With panting heart and clouded eyes.
 Ah ! spare the gentle coward's fears
 Who only answers with her tears ;
 And trembles at imputed sin
 Tho' all be innocence within.

But Lions to their shaggy breast
 Shall soft'ring press the fearless guest ;
 The sooth'd Hyæna shed a tear
 O'er prostrate man, with soul sincere ;
 The Priest with hesitating hand
 Awhile suspend th' uplifted brand ;
 Ere Pity melts the Beldame's eyes,
 Glutted with human sacrifice.

With liquid fire the goblet crown'd,
 The livid tapers gleaming round,
 While Wisdom, Valour, Beauty sleep,
 The midnight hags their sabbath keep :
 And recent from impure delights
 Fell Hecat' leads th' infernal rites.
 O'er her wan cheek diffusely spread
 Fierce glares the bright vermilion's red.
 The borrow'd hair in ringlets flows
 Adown her neck of art-form'd snows ;
 While baleful drugs in vain renew
 Departing Beauty's faded hue.

Some spotless name their rage demands,
 The name rebellowing thro' the bands ;
 Some holy Sage of fainted life,
 A Virgin pure, a faithful Wife.
 And you, who dauntless dar'd to brave
 The ruthless foe and threat'ning wave,
 Vainly you 'scap'd th' unequal fight ;
 Deep yawns the gulph of deadlier spite ;
 There plung'd—th' insatiate Beldames roar,
 And the wide ruin gapes for more.

Where trees their mantling foliage spread,
 And roses bend their blooming head,
 Ye, Virgins, tread with cautious feet,
 And cautious pluck the tempting sweet :
 There lurks the snake with speckled crest,
 There broods the toad with bloated breast ;
 With poisons dire the reptiles fill'd,
 From Heaven's transparent dews distill'd.

—But O ! more wary trace the maze,
 Where Youth in frolic pastime plays :
 There dread the spite-swoln Beldame's wrath,
 Glancing thro' Pleasure's flow'ry path,
 And subtle drawing foul offence
 From the chaste breath of innocence.

Or should the tender bosom yield
 Transpierc'd thro' Honor's frailer shield ;
 O Virtue smooth thy brow austere,
 Accept the penitential tear :
 Raise the fall'n mourner from the ground,
 And pour sweet mercy o'er the wound ;
 Nor join these furies in their chace,
 Nor drive her 'midst that hellish race.
 Angels shall hear the suppliant's voice,
 And Beldames howl, and Heaven rejoice.

Let the obdurate Stoic's pride
 Climb the steep mountain's craggy side ;
 Where far remote from mortal ken
 Virtue usurps the Tyger's den,
 And scowling on the crowd below
 Nor feels, nor pities human woe.
 Let holy zeal, with frantic mien,
 And haggard look and garb obscene,
 Spurn every gift the Heavens dispense,
 And pine in fullen abstinence ;
 Yet drink with eager ears and eyes
 The tortur'd wretches agonies.

Hence, hell-born Fiends ! nor dare bely
 The Seraph with indulgent eye :

Whence

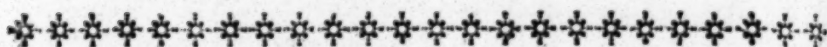
Whence Science beams eternal day,
 Enlight'ning millions with her ray ;
 Whence Arts their genial influence spread
 O'er smiling Nature's teeming bed ;
 Whence Bounty with extended hand
 Scatters her blessings o'er the land ;
 And Love, the universal soul,
 Pervades, unites, inspires the whole.

So Virtue dwelt, celestial guest,
 O Lonsdale ! in thy spotless breast.
 Tho' pure as Heaven from moral stain,
 Tho' torn with unrelenting pain,
 'Twas thine for others woes to melt,
 And pardon frailties never felt.
 While Youth thy gayer converse sought,
 And Age instructed heard and thought.

And thou, my Friend, for such my claim,
 And such my best, my dearest Fame,
 Tho' Time with shrivel'd fingers throws
 Thick o'er thy head unmingled snows,
 Still in that eye the spark divine
 Shall with unfading lustre shine ;
 Still flow the stream of copious sense
 Clear as in Attic eloquence.

So thro' the meadow's silver bed,
 With lilies and with snow-drops spread,
 Far-honour'd Thames, our Britain's pride,
 Majestic rolls his crystal tide,
 Where many an ancient brook distils
 Its wealth in tributary rills.

And in the social happy hour
Well fav'd from state, and cares, and power,
Long may I come a welcome guest
To share the treasures of that breast,
Where Spleen ne'er rankled at the heart,
Nor Malice lodg'd her rusty dart.



ODE TO THE RIVER EDEN.^w

BY DR. J. LANGHORNE.

Delightful Eden! parent stream,
Yet shall the maids of Mem'ry say,
When, led by Fancy's fairy dream,
My young steps trac'd thy winding way;
How oft along thy mazy shore,
Where slowly wav'd the willows hoar,
In pensive thought their poet stray'd;
Or, dozing near thy meadow'd side,
Beheld thy dimply waters glide,
Bright thro' the trembling shade.

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,
Where once with infant-joy he play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,
The azure worlds below survey'd:

^w In the county of Westmoreland.

Led by the rosy-handed hours,
 When Time tript o'er that bank of flowers,
 Which in thy crystal bosom smil'd :
 Tho' old the God, yet light and gay,
 He flung his glass, his scythe away,
 And seem'd himself, a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
 Would whisper to thy murmurs free ;
 Yet rustling seems to soothe mine ear,
 And trembles when I sigh for thee.
 Yet seated on thy shelving brim,
 Can Fancy see the Naiads trim
 Burnish their green locks in the sun ;
 Or at the last lone hour of day,
 To chace the lighty glancing jay,
 In airy circles run.

But, Fancy, can thy mimic power
 Again those happy moments bring ?
 Canst thou restore that golden hour,
 When young Joy wav'd his laughing wing ?
 When first in Eden's rosy vale,
 My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,
 The vow sincere, devoid of guile !
 While Delia in her panting breast,
 With sighs, the tender thought suppress'd,
 And look'd as angels smile.

O Goddess of the crystal brow,
 That dwell'st the golden meads among ;
 Whose streams still fair in memory flow,
 Whose murmurs melodize my song !
 O ! yet those gleams of joy display,
 Which bright'ning glow'd in Fancy's ray,
 When, near thy lucid urn reclin'd,
 The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,
 And left, in naked charms imprest,
 Her image on my mind.

In vain—the maids of Mem'ry fair
 No more in golden visions play ;
 No friendship smooths the brow of care,
 No Delia's smile approves my lay.
 Yet, love and friendship lost to me,
 'Tis yet some joy to think of thee,
 And in thy breast this moral find ;
 That life, tho' stain'd with sorrow's showers,
 Shall flow serene, while Virtue pours
 Her sunshine on the mind.

+++++o+++++

ON THE DUTCHESS OF MAZARIN'S RETIRING
INTO A CONVENT.

BY THE SAME.

YE holy cares that haunt these lonely cells,
These scenes where salutary sadness dwells;
Ye sighs that minute the slow wasting day,
Ye pale regrets that wear my life away;
O bid these passions for the world depart,
These wild desires, and vanities of heart!
Hide every trace of vice, of follies past,
And yield to Heaven the victory at last.

To that the poor remains of life are due,
'Tis Heaven that calls, and I the call pursue.
Lord of my life, my future cares are thine,
My love, my duty greet thy holy shrine:
No more my heart to vainer hopes I give,
But live for thee, whose bounty bids me live,

The power that gave these little charms their grace,
His favours bounded, and confin'd their space;
Spite of those charms shall time, with rude essay,
Tear from the cheek the transient rose away;

But

But the free mind, ten thousand ages past,
Its Maker's form, shall with its Maker last.

Uncertain objects still our hopes employ ;
Uncertain all that bears the name of joy !
Of all that feels the injuries of fate
Uncertain is the search, and short the date :
Yet ev'n that boon what thousands wish to gain ?
That boon of Death, the sad resource of pain !

Once on my path all fortune's glory fell,
Her vain magnificence, and courtly swell :
Love touch'd my soul at least with soft desires,
And Vanity there fed her meteor fires.
This truth at last the mighty scenes let fall,
An hour of Innocence was worth them all.

Lord of my life ! O let thy sacred ray
Shine o'er my heart, and break its clouds away !
Deluding, flatt'ring, faithless world adieu !
Long hast thou taught me GOD IS ONLY TRUE,
That God alone I trust, alone adore,
No more deluded, and misled no more,

Come, sacred hour, when wav'ring doubts shall cease !
Come, holy scenes of long repose and peace !
Yet shall my heart, to other interests true,
A moment balance 'twixt the world and you ?
Of penfive nights, of long-reflecting days,
Be yours, at last, the triumph and the praise !

Great

Great gracious Master ! whose unbounded sway,
 Felt thro' ten thousand worlds, those worlds obey,
 Wilt thou for once thy awful glories shade,
 And deign t' espouse the creature thou hast made ?
 All other ties indignant I disclaim,
 Dishonour'd those, and infamous to name !

O fatal ties, for which such tears I've shed,
 For which the pleasures of the world lay dead !
 That world's soft pleasures you alone disarm ;
 That world without you still might have its charm.
 But now those scenes of tempting hope I close,
 And seek the peaceful studies of Repose ;
 Look on the past as time that stole away,
 And beg the blessings of a happier day.

Ye gay saloons, ye golden-vested halls,
 Scenes of high treats, and heart-bewitching balls !
 Dress, figure, splendor, charms of play, farewell,
 And all the toilet's science to excel !
 Ev'n Love, that ambush'd in this beauteous hair,
 No more shall lie, like Indian archers, there.
 Go, erring Love ! for nobler objects given !
 Go, beauteous hair, a sacrifice to Heaven !

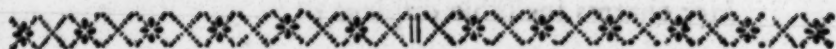
Soon shall the veil these glowing features hide,
 At once the period of their power and pride !
 The hapless lover shall no more complain
 Of vows unheard, or unrewarded pain ;
 While calmly sleep in each untortur'd breast
 My secret sorrow, and his sighs profess.

Go,

Go, flattering train! and slaves to me no more,
 With the same sighs some happier fair adore!
 Your alter'd faith I blame not, nor bewail—
 And haply yet (what woman is not frail?)
 Yet, haply, might I calmer minutes prove,
 If he that lov'd me knew no other love!

Yet were that ardor, which his breast inspir'd,
 By charms of more than mortal beauty fir'd,
 What nobler pride! could I to Heaven resign
 The zeal, the service that I boasted mine!
 O change your false desires, ye flatt'ring train!
 And love me pious, whom ye love profane!

These long adieus with lovers doom'd to go,
 Or prove their merit, or my weakness shew;
 But Heaven, to such soft frailties less severe,
 May spare the tribute of a female tear,
 May yield one tender moment to deplore
 Those gentle hearts that I must hold no more.



O D E

ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE FROM
ENGLAND AS REAR ADMIRAL.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE ROYAL GEORGE.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

A GAIN the royal streamers play !
To glory Edward hastes away :
Adieu ye happy sylvan bow'rs
Where Pleasure's sprightly throng await !
Ye domes where regal Grandeur tow'rs
In purple ornaments of state !
Ye scenes where Virtue's sacred strain
Bids the tragic Muse complain !
Where Satire treads the comic stage,
To scourge and mend a venal age.
Where Music pours the soft, melodious lay,
And melting Symphonies congenial play !
Ye filken Sons of Ease, who dwell
In flow'ry vales of Peace, farewell !

In

In vain the Goddess of the myrtle grove
 Her charms ineffable displays ;
 In vain she calls to happier realms of Love,
 Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays :
 In vain her living roses blow,
 And ever-vernal pleasures grow ;
 The gentle sports of youth no more
 Allure him to the peaceful shore :
 Arcadian ease no longer charms,
 For War and Fame alone can please.
 His throbbing bosom beats to arms,
 To War the Hero moves, thro' storms and wint'ry seas.

C H O R U S.

The gentle sports of youth no more
 Allure him to the peaceful shore,
 For War and Fame alone can please,
 To War the Hero moves, thro' storms and wint'ry seas.

Tho' Danger's hostile train appears
 To thwart the course that Honour steers ;
 Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
 Despising peril and dismay :
 His country calls ; to guard her laws,
 Lo ! ev'ry joy the gallant youth resigns ;
 Th' avenging naval sword he draws,
 And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines :
 Hark ! his sprightly clarions play,
 Follow where he leads the way !

The

The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Masters come :

C H O R U S.

Hark ! his sprightly clarions play,
Follow where he leads the way !
The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Masters come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike Son
The thorny course of Virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice :
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardors to subdue :
For Pleasure Venus' lovely form assum'd,
Her glowing charms divinely bright,
In all the pride of Beauty bloom'd,
And struck his ravish'd fight.
Transfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd :
Inchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confess
Th' alternate passions in his breast :
Her swelling bosom half-reveal'd,
Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
A thousand tender pains instill'd,
A thousand flatt'ring thoughts inspir'd :

Persuasion's

Persuasion's sweetest language hung
 In melting accent on her tongue :
 Deep in his heart, the winning tale
 Infus'd a magic pow'r ;
 She prest him to the rosy vale,
 And shew'd th' elysian bow'r :
 Her hand, that trembling ardors move,
 Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove :
 Ah ! see o'erpowr'd by Beauty's charms,
 And won by Love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms !

C H O R U S.

Ah ! see o'erpowr'd by Beauty's charms,
 And won by Love's resistless arms,
 The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms !

Assist, ye guardian Pow'rs above !
 From Ruin save the Son of Jove !
 By heav'nly mandate Virtue came,
 And check'd the fatal flame :
 Swift as the quiv'ring needle wheels,
 Whose point the magnet's influence feels.
 Inspir'd with awe,
 He, turning, saw
 The Nymph divine
 Transcendent shine ;

And,

Vol

And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
 His heart a sacred impulse sway'd :
 His eyes with ardent motion roll,
 And Love, Regret and Hope divide his soul,
 But soon her words his pain destroy,
 And all the numbers of his heart,
 Return'd by her celestial art,
 Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.
 Instructed thus by Virtue's lore,
 His happy steps the realms explore,
 Where guilt and error are no more :
 The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
 Before her breath dispelling, melt away :
 Broke loose from pleasure's glitt'ring chain,
 He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign :
 Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

C H O R U S.

Broke loose from Pleasure's glitt'ring chain,
 He scorn'd the soft inglorious reign :
 Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
 And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other Hope she shone,
 Like him the royal youth she won :
 Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
 To curb the pow'r of Spain and France :

And,

Vol. IV.

M

Aloft

Aloft his martial ensigns flow !
 And hark ! his brazen trumpets blow !
 The wat'ry profound,
 Awak'd by the found,
 All trembles around :
 While Edward o'er the azure fields
 Fraternal thunder wields :
 High on the deck behold he stands,
 And views around his floating bands
 In awful order join ;
 They, while the warlike trumpet's strain
 Deep-sounding, swells along the main,
 Extend th' embattled line.
 Then Britain triumphantly saw
 His armament ride
 Supreme on the tide,
 And o'er the vast ocean give law.

C H O R U S.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
 His armament ride
 Supreme on the tide,
 And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,
 The ships their horrid tubes display,
 Tire over tire in terrible array,
 And wait the signal to destroy :

The failors all burn to engage :
Hark ! hark ! their shouts arise,
And shake the vaulted skies !
Exulting with bacchanal rage,
Then Neptune the Hero revere,
Whose pow'r is superior to thine !
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign !

C H O R U S .

Then Neptune the Hero revere,
Whose pow'r is superior to thine !
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign !

Albion wake thy grateful voice !
Let thy hills and vales rejoice !
O'er remotest hostile regions
Thy victorious flags are known ;
Thy resistless martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone :
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe controul :
Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud can subdue :
To thy great trust,
Severely just,

M 2

AH

All dissonant strife they disclaim :

To meet the foe,
Their bosoms glow ;
Who only are rivals in fame.

C H O R U S .

Thy seamen invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud can subdue :
All dissonant strife they disclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine !
Triumphant strike each living string !
For him in extacy divine,
Your choral Io Pæans sing !
For him your festive concerts breathe !
For him your flow'ry garlands wreathe !
Wake ! O wake the joyful song !
Ye fauns of the woods,
Ye Nymphs of the floods,
The musical current prolong !
Ye Sylvans that dance on the plain,
To swell the grand chorus accord !
Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
Exulting, acknowledge your Lord !
Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
That floating proclaim
Our Admiral's name,
In symphony roll on the wind !

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Wake! O wake the joyful song!
 Ye Sylvans that dance on the plain,
 Ye Tritons that sport on the main,
 The musical current prolong!

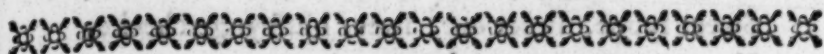
O! while consenting Britons praise,
 These votive measures deign to hear;
 For thee, my muse awakes her lays,
 For thee th' unequal viol plays,
 The tribute of a soul sincere.
 Nor thou, illustrious chief, refuse
 The incense of a nautic muse!
 For ah! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain
 But him whose arms unrival'd rule the main.
 Deep on my grateful breast,
 Thy favour is impress'd:
 No happy son of wealth or fame
 To court a royal patron came!
 A hapless youth, whose vital page
 Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
 Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
 Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow,
 To glitt'ring stars and titled names unknown,
 Prefer'd his suit to thee alone.
 The tale your sacred pity mov'd;
 You felt, consented, and approv'd;

Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire !
 Exalt to rapture every happy line !
 My bosom kindle with Promethean fire !
 And swell each note with energy divine,
 No more to plaintive sounds of woe
 Let the vocal numbers flow !
 Perhaps the chief to whom I sing
 May yet ordain auspicious days
 To wake the lyre with nobler lays,
 And tune to war the nervous string.
 For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
 Tho' all the pow'rs of genius he possess,
 Tho' disciplin'd by classic rule,
 With daring pencil can display
 The fight that thunders on the wat'ry way,
 And all its horrid incidents express ?
 To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong !
 Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

C H O R U S.

To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong !
 Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

SONNET.



S O N N E T

MADE ON ISABELLA MARKHAMF, WHEN I FIRSTE
THOUGHT HER FAYER AS SHE STOOD AT THE
PRINCESS'S WINDOWE IN GOODLYE ATTYRE, AND
TALKEDE TO DYVERS IN THE COURTE-YARD.

From a MS. of JOHN HARRINGTON, dated 1564.

W Hence comes my love, O hearte, disclose,
'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose;
From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse;
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely owne,
Ah me! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

The blushynge cheek speakes modest mynde,
The lipps befitting wordes mosle kynde;
The eye does tempte to love's desyre,
And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so faire, but speak my moane,
Syth noughte dothe saye the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake,
 Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,
 Yet not a hearte to save my paine,
 O Venus, take thy giftes againe,
 Make not so faire to cause our moane,
 Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne.



THE HOSPITABLE OAKE.

B Y ———

ERST in Arcadia's londe much prais'd was found,
 A lustie tree far rearing t'ward the skies,
 Sacred to Jove, and placed on high ground,
 Beneath whose shade did glad some sheperds hie,
 Met plenteous good, and oft were wont to shunne
 Bleak winter's drizzle, summer's parching funne.

Outstretch'd in all the luxurie of ease
 They pluck'd rich misletoe of virtue rare;
 Their lippe was tempted by each kindlie breeze,
 That wav'd the branch to proffer acorns fair;
 While out the hollow'd root, with sweets inlaide,
 The murm'ring bee her daintie hoard betrayde.

The

The fearless bird safe bosom'd here its nest,
 Its sturdie side did brave the nipping winde,
 Where many a creeping ewe mought gladlie reste;
 Warne comforte here to all and every kinde;
 Where hunge the leaf well sprint with honey dew,
 Whence dropt their cups, the gamboling fairie knew.

But ah! in luckles day what mischief 'gan
 Midst fell debate, and maddening revelrie,
 When tipsie Bacchus had bewitched Pan.
 For sober swain so thankles ne'er mought be;
 Tho' passinge strange—'twas bruited all arounde,
 This goodlie tree did shadowe too much grounde.

With much despight they aim its overthrow,
 And forrie jesses its wonted giftes deride,
 How snaring birdlimes made of misletoe;
 Nor trust their flocks to shelter 'neath its side;
 It drops chill venom on our ewes, they cry,
 And subtle serpent at its root doth lie.

Eftsoons the axe doth rear its deadlie blowe,
 Arounde doth eccho bear each labouringe stroke;
 Now to the grounde its loftie head doth bowe,
 Then angry Jove aloud in thunder spoke.
 On high Olympus next mine tree I'll place,
 Heaven's still unscann'd by sich ungrateful race.



T O A L O V E R.

B Y ———.

WHY didst thou rase such woeful wayle,
And waste in briny tears thyne days ;
Cause shee, that wont to flout and rayl,
At last gave proof of woman's waies ?
Shee did, in soothe, display the hearte
That mought have wroughte thee greater smarte.

Why thank her then, not weepe nor mone,
Let others guard their careles hearte ;
And praise the day that thus made knowne
The faithles hold on woman's art.
Their lips can gloze and gain suche roote,
That gentle youthe hathe hope of fruite.

But, ere the blossom faire doth rise,
To shoot its sweetnes o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
And chilling scorne the fruite doth blaste.
There is no hope of all our toyl,
'There is no fruit from such a soil.

Give

XX

THE

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SAY
W

Fedde

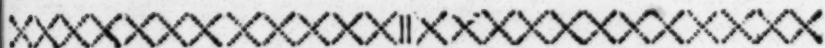
'Mid

Hath e

That g

Give o'er thy playnt, the danger's o'er,
 Shee might have poyson'd all thyne lyfe;
 Such wayward mynde had bred thee more
 Of sorrowe, had she prov'd a wyfe.
 Leave her to meet all hopeles meed,
 And blefs thyself that so art freed.

No youthe shall sue suche one to winne,
 Unmark'd by all the shyning fair,
 Save for her pride and scorn, suche sinne
 As hearts of love can never bear;
 Like leafles plant in blasted shade,
 So liveth shee a barren mayde.



THE HERMITE'S ADDRESSE TO YOUTHE.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING-GARDEN AT BATH.

BY ———.

SAY, gentle youthe, that tread'st untouch'd with care,
 Where Nature hath so guerdon'd Bathe's gay scene;
 Fedde with the songe that daunceth in the aire;
 'Midst fairest wealthe of Flora's magazine;
 Hath eye or eare yet founde, thine steppes to bleffe,
 That gem of life y-clep'd true happinesse.

With

By Salic law the female right deny,
 And view their genius with regardless eye?
 Justice forbid! and every muse inspire
 To sing the glories of a sister-choir!
 Rise, rise, bold swain; and to the list'ning grove
 Resound the praises of the sex you love;
 Tell how, adorn'd with every charm, they shine,
 In mind and person equally divine,
 Till man, no more to female merit blind,
 Admire the person, but adore the mind.

To these weak strains, O thou! the sex's friend
 And constant patron, * Richardson! attend:
 Thou, who so oft with pleas'd, but anxious care,
 Hast watch'd the dawning genius of the fair,
 With wonted smiles wilt hear thy friend display
 The various graces of the female lay;
 Studious from Folly's yoke their minds to free,
 And aid the generous cause espous'd by thee.

Long o'er the world did Prejudice maintain,
 By sounds like these, her undisputed reign:
 " Woman! she cried, to thee, indulgent Heaven
 " Has all the charms of outward beauty given:
 " Be thine the boast, unrival'd, to enslave
 " The great, the wise, the witty, and the brave;
 " Deck'd with the Paphian rose's damask glow,
 " And the vale-lily's vegetable snow,

* The author of those three celebrated works, Pamela, Clarissa, and
 Sir Charles Grandison.

" Be thine, to move majestic in the dance,
 " To roll the eye, and aim the tender glance,
 " Or touch the strings, and breathe the melting song,
 " Content to emulate that airy throng,
 " Who to the sun their painted plumes display,
 " And gaily glitter on the hawthorn spray,
 " Or wildly warble in the beechen grove,
 " Careless of aught but music, joy, and love."

Heavens! could such artful, slavish sounds beguile
 The free-born sons of Britain's polish'd isle?
 Could they, like fam'd Ulysses' dastard crew,
 Attentive listen, and enamour'd view,
 Nor drive the Syren to that dreary plain,
 In loathsome pomp, where eastern tyrants reign;
 Where each fair neck the yoke of slav'ry galls,
 Clos'd in a proud seraglio's gloomy walls,
 And taught, that levell'd with the brutal kind,
 Nor sense, nor souls to women are assign'd.

Our British nymphs with happier omens rove,
 At freedom's call, thro' wisdom's sacred grove,
 And, as with lavish hand each sister grace
 Shapes the fair form, and regulates the face,
 Each sister muse, in blissful union join'd,
 Adorns, improves, and beautifies the mind.
 Ev'n now fond Fancy in our polish'd land
 Assembled shews a blooming, studious band:
 With various arts our reverence they engage,
 Some turn the tuneful, some the moral page;
 These, led by Contemplation, soar on high,
 And range the Heavens with philosophic eye;

While those, surrounded by a vocal choir,
 The canvas tinge, or touch the warbling lyre.
 Here, like the stars' mix'd radiance, they unite
 To dazzle and perplex our wand'ring sight :
 The muse each charmer singly shall survey,
 And tune to each her tributary lay.
 So when, in blended tints, with sweet surprise
 Assembled beauties strike our ravish'd eyes,
 Such as in Lely's melting colours shine,
 Or spring, great Kneller! from a hand like thine,
 On all with pleasing awe at once we gaze,
 And, lost in wonder, know not which to praise,
 But, singly view'd, each nymph delights us more,
 Disclosing graces unperceiv'd before.

First let the muse with gen'rous ardor try
 To chase the mist from dark opinion's eye :
 Nor mean we here to blame that father's care
 Who guards from learned wives his booby heir,
 Since oft that heir with prudence has been known
 To dread a genius that transcends his own :
 The wise themselves should with discretion chuse,
 Since letter'd nymphs their knowledge may abuse,
 And husbands oft experience to their cost
 The prudent housewife in the scholar lost :
 But those incur deserv'd contempt, who prize
 Their own high talents, and their sex despise,
 With haughty mien each social bliss defeat,
 And sully all their learning with conceit :
 Of such the parent justly warns his son,
 And such the muse herself will bid him shun.

But

But lives there one, whose unassuming mind,
 Tho' grac'd by nature, and by art refin'd,
 Pleas'd with domestic excellence, can spare
 Some hours from studious ease to social care,
 And with her pen that time alone employs
 Which others waste in visits, cards, and noise;
 From affectation free, tho' deeply read,
 " With wit well natur'd, and with books well-bred?"
 With such (and such there are) each happy day
 Must fly improving, and improv'd away;
 Inconstancy might fix and settle there,
 And Wisdom's voice approve the chosen fair.

Nor need we now from our own Britain rove,
 In search of Genius to the Lesbian grove,
 Tho' Sappho there her tuneful lyre has strung,
 And am'rous griefs in sweetest accents sung,
 Since here, in Charles's days, amidst a train
 Of shameless bards, licentious and profane,
 The chaste *Orinda* rose; with purer light,
 Like modest *Cynthia*, beaming thro' the night:
 Fair Friendship's lustre, undisguis'd by art,
 Glows in her lines, and animates her heart;
 Friendship, that jewel, which, tho' all confess
 Its peerless value, yet how few possess!
 For her the never-dying myrtle weaves
 A verdant chaplet of her od'rous leaves;

y Mrs. Catherine Philips: she was distinguished by most of the wits
 of king Charles's reign, and died young. Her pieces on Friendship are
 particularly admired.

If Cowley's or Roscommon's song can give
Immortal fame, her praise shall ever live.

Who can unmov'd hear ^z Winchelsea reveal
Thy horrors, Spleen! which all, who paint, must feel?
My praises would but wrong her sterling wit,
Since Pope himself applauds what she has writ.

But say, what matron now walks musing forth
From the bleak mountains of her native North?
While round her brows two sisters of the Nine
Poetic wreathes with philosophic twine!
Hail, ^a Cockburne, hail! ev'n now from Reason's bowers
Thy Locke delighted culls the choicest flowers
To deck his great, successful champion's head,
And Clarke expects thee in the laurel shade.
Tho' long to dark, oblivious want a prey,
Thy aged worth pass'd unperceiv'd away,
Yet Scotland now shall ever boast thy fame,
While England mourns thy undistinguish'd name,
And views with wonder, in a female mind,
Philosopher, divine, and poet join'd!

The modest muse a veil with pity throws
O'er vice's friends, and virtue's female foes;

^z Anne countess of Winchelsea, a lady of great wit and genius, wrote (among others) a poem, much admired, on the Spleen, and is praised by Mr. Pope, &c. under the poetical name of Ardelia.

^a Mrs. Catharine Cockburne was the wife of a clergyman, lived obscurely, and died a few years ago in an advanced age in Northumberland; her works on dramatic, philosophical, and sacred subjects have been lately collected by the learned Dr. Birch, and are generally admired.

Abash'd she views the bold unblushing mien
 Of modern ^b Manley, Centlivre, and Behn;
 And grieves to see one nobly born disgrace
 Her modest sex, and her illustrious race.
 Tho' harmony thro' all their numbers flow'd,
 And genuine wit its every grace bestow'd,
 Nor genuine wit, nor harmony, excuse
 The dangerous fallies of a wanton muse:
 Nor can such tuneful, but immortal, lays
 Expect the tribute of impartial praise:
 As soon might ^c Philips, Pilkington, and V——
 Deserv'd applause for spotless virtue gain.

But hark! what ^d nymph, in Frome's embroider'd vale,
 With strains seraphic swells the vernal gale?
 With what sweet sounds the bordering forest rings?
 For sportive Echo catches, as she sings,
 Each falling accent, studious to prolong
 The warbled notes of Rowe's ecstatic song.
 Old Avon pleas'd, his reedy forehead rears,
 And polish'd Orrery delighted hears.
 See with what transport she resigns her breath,
 Snatch'd by a sudden, but a wish'd-for death!

^b The first of these wrote the scandalous memoirs called *Atalantis*, and the other two are notorious for the indecency of their plays.

^c These three ladies have endeavoured to immortalize their shame by writing their own memoirs.

^d The character of Mrs. Rowe and her writings is too well known to be dwelt on her. It may be sufficient to say, that without any previous illness she met at last with that sudden death which she had always wished.

Releas'd

Releas'd from earth, with smiles she soars on high
 Amidst her kindred spirits of the sky,
 Where faith and love those endless joys bestow,
 That warm'd her lays, and fill'd her hopes below.

Nor can her noble ^e friend escape unseen,
 Or from the muse her modest virtues skreen;
 Here, sweetly blended, to our wondering eyes,
 The peeress, poetess, and Christian rise:
 And tho' the Nine her tuneful strains inspire,
 We less her genius, than her heart, admire,
 Pleas'd, 'midst the great, one truly good to see,
 And proud to tell that Somerset is she.

By generous views one ^f peeress more demands
 A grateful tribute from all female hands;
 One, who to shield them from the worst of foes,
 In their just cause dar'd Pope himself oppose.
 Their own dark forms deceit and envy wear,
 By Irwin touch'd with ^g truth's celestial spear.
 By her disarm'd, ye witlings! now give o'er
 Your empty sneers, and shock the sex no more.

^e Frances, Countess of Hertford, and afterwards dutchess dowager of Somerset, Mrs. Rowe's illustrious friend, lamented her death in some verses prefixed to her poems, and was author of the letters in her collection signed Cleora.

^f Anne, viscountess Irwin, and aunt to the present earl of Carlisle: this lady, in a poetical epistle to Mr. Pope, has rescued her sex's cause from the aspersions cast on them by that satyrist in his essay on the characters of women.

^g See Milton, book iv. ver. 811.

Thus bold Camilla, when the Trojan chief
 Attack'd her country, flew to its relief;
 Beneath her lance the bravest warriors bled,
 And fear dismay'd the host which great Æneas led.

But ah! why heaves my breast this pensive sigh?
 Why starts this tear unbidden from my eye?
 What breast from sighs, what eye from tears refrains,
 When, sweetly-mournful, hapless ^h Wright complains?
 And who but grieves to see her generous mind,
 For nobler views and worthier guests design'd,
 Admit the hateful form of black despair,
 Wan with the gloom of superstitious care?
 In pity-moving lays, with earnest cries,
 She call'd on heaven to close her weary eyes,
 And, long on earth by heart-felt woes oppress'd,
 Was borne by friendly death to welcome rest.

In nervous strains, lo! ⁱ Madan's polish'd taste
 Has poetry's successive progress trac'd,
 From ancient Greece, where first she fix'd her reign,
 To Italy, and Britain's happier plain.
 Praise well-bestow'd adorns her glowing lines,
 And manly strength with female softness joins.
 So female charms and manly virtues grace,
 By her example form'd, her blooming race,

^h Mrs. Wright, sister to the famous Wesleys, has published some pieces, which, though of a melancholy cast, are written in the genuine spirit of poetry.

ⁱ Mrs. Madan is author of a poem called the Progress of Poetry, wherein the characters of the best Grecian, Roman, and English poets are justly and elegantly drawn.

And,

And, fram'd alike to please our ears and eyes,
 There new Cornelias and new Gracchi rise.
 O that you now, with genius at command,
 Would snatch the pencil from my artless hand,
 And give your sex's portraits, bold and true,
 In colours worthy of themselves and you !

Now in ecstatic visions let me rove,
 By Cynthia's beams, thro' Brackley's glimm'ring grove,
 Where still each night, by startled shepherds seen,
 Young ^k Leapor's form flies shadowy o'er the green.
 Those envied honours nature lov'd to pay
 The briar-bound turf, where erst her Shakespeare lay,
 Now on her darling Mira she bestows ;
 There o'er the hallow'd ground she fondly strows
 The choicest fragrance of the breathing spring,
 And bids each year her favourite linnet sing.

Let cloister'd pedants, in an endless round,
 Tread the dull mazes of scholastic ground :
 Brackley unenvying views the glittering train
 Of learning's useless trappings idly vain ;
 For, spite of all that vaunted learning's aid,
 Their fame is rivall'd by her rural maid.

So, while in our Britannia's beechen sprays
 Sweet Philomela trills her mellow lays,

^k Mrs. Leapor, daughter to a Northamptonshire gardener, has lately convinced the world of the force of unassisted nature by imitating and equalling some of our most approved poets, by the strength of her parts, and the vivacity of her genius.

We to the natives of the fultry line
 Their boasted race of parrots pleas'd resign;
 For tho' on citron boughs they proudly glow
 With all the colours of the wat'ry bow,
 Yet thro' the grove harsh discord they prolong,
 Tho' rich in gaudy plumage, poor in song.

Now bear me, Clio, to that Kentish strand,
 Whose rude o'erhanging cliffs and barren sand
 May challenge all the myrtle-blooming bowers
 Of fam'd Italia, when, at evening hours,
 Thy own¹ Eliza muses on the shore,
 Serene, tho' billows beat and tempests roar.
 Hail, Carter, hail! your favourite name inspires
 My raptur'd breast with sympathetic fires;
 Ev'n now I see your lov'd Ilyssus lead
 His mazy current thro' th' Athenian mead;
 With you I pierce thro' academic shades,
 And join in Attic bowers th' Aonian maids;
 Beneath the spreading plane with Plato rove,
 And hear his morals echo thro' the grove.
 Joy sparkles in the sage's looks, to find
 His genius glowing in a female mind;
 Newton admiring sees your searching eye
 Dart thro' his mystic page, and range the sky;

¹ Mrs. Eliza Carter of Deal, well known to the learned world for her late translation of Epictetus, has translated, from the Italian, Algarotti's dialogues on light and colours; and lately published a small collection of elegant poems.

By you his colours to your sex are shown,
 And Algarotti's name to Britain known.
 While, undisturb'd by pride, you calmly tread
 Thro' life's perplexing paths, by wisdom led;
 And, taught by her, your grateful muse repays
 Her heavenly teacher in nocturnal lays.

So when Prometheus from th' Almighty Sire,
 As fings the fable, stole celestial fire,
 Swift thro' the clay the vital current ran,
 In look, in form, in speech resembling man;
 But in each eye a living lustre glow'd,
 That spoke the heav'nly source from whence it flow'd.

" What magic pow'rs in ^m Celia's numbers dwell,
 " Which thus th' unpractis'd breast with ardor swell
 " To emulate her praise, and tune that lyre
 " Which yet no bard was able to inspire!
 " With tears her suff'ring Virgin we attend,
 " And sympathize with father, lover, friend!
 " What sacred rapture in our bosom glows,
 " When at the shrine she offers up her vows!
 " Mild majesty and virtue's awful pow'r
 " Adorn her fall, and grace her latest hour."

Transport me now to those embroider'd meads,
 Where the slow Ouze his lazy current leads;
 There, while the stream soft-dimpling steals along,
 And from the groves the green-hair'd Dryads throng,

^m We could not here, with justice, with-hold our tribute of praise
 from Mrs. Brooke, author of the tragedy of Virginia, nor could we better
 pay it than by the hand of a sister name.

Clio herself, or ⁿ Ferrar tunes a lay,
 Sweet as the darkling Philomel of May.
 Haste, haste, ye Nine, and hear a sifter sing
 The charms of Cynthia, and the joys of spring !
 See ! night's pale goddess, with a grateful beam
 Paints her lov'd image in the shad'wy stream,
 While, round his vot'ry, spring profusely show'rs
 " A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flow'rs."
 O happy nymph, tho' winter o'er thy head,
 Blind to that form, the snow of age shall shed ;
 Tho' life's short spring and beauty's blossoms fade,
 Still shall thy reason flourish undecay'd ;
 Time, tho' he steals the roseate bloom of youth,
 Shall spare the charms of virtue and of truth,
 And on thy mind new charms, new bloom bestow,
 Wisdom's best friend, and only beauty's foe.

Nor shall thy much-lov'd ^o Pennington remain
 Unfung, unhonour'd in my votive strain.
 See where the soft enchantress, wand'ring o'er
 The fairy ground that Philips trod before,
 Exalts her chymic wand, and swift behold
 The basest metals ripen into gold :
 Beneath her magic touch, with wond'ring eye,
 We view vile copper with pure sterling vie :
 Nor shall the farthing, fung by her, forbear
 To claim the praises of the smiling fair ;

ⁿ This lady has written two beautiful odes to Cynthia and the Spring.

^o Miss Pennington has happily imitated Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling
 in a burlesque poem called The Copper Farthing. She died in 1759, aged 25.

Till chuck and marble shall no more employ
The thoughtless leisure of the truant boy.

Returning now to Thames's flow'ry side,
See how his waves in still attention glide!
And, hark! what songstrefs shakes her warbling throat?
Is it the nightingale, or P Delia's note?
The balmy zephyrs, hov'ring o'er the fair,
On their soft wings the vocal accents bear;
Thro' Sunbury's low vale the strains rebound,
Ev'n neighb'ring Chertsey hears the chearful sound,
And wondering sees her Cowley's laurel'd shade
Transported listen to the tuneful maid.
O may those nymphs, whose pleasing pow'r she sings,
Still o'er their suppliant wave their soft'ring wings!
O long may Health and soft-ey'd Peace impart
Bloom to her cheek, and rapture to her heart!
Beneath her roof the red-breast shall prolong,
Unchill'd by frosts, his tributary song;
For her the lark shall wake the dappled morn,
And linnet twitter from the blossom'd thorn.
Sing on, sweet maid! thy Spenser smiles to see
Kind Fancy shed her choicest gifts on thee,
And bids his Edwards, on the laurel spray
That shades his tomb, inscribe thy rural lay.

P This lady has written odes to Peace, Health, and the Robin Red-breast, which are here alluded to; and she has been celebrated in a sonnet by Mr. Edwards, author of the *Canons of Criticism*.

With

With lovely mien † Eugenia now appears,
 The muse's pupil from her tend'rest years ;
 Improving tasks her peaceful hours beguile,
 The sister arts on all her labours smile,
 And while the Nine their votary inspire,
 " One dips the pencil, and one strings the lyre."
 O may her life's clear current smoothly glide,
 Unruffled by misfortune's boist'rous tide !
 So while the charmer leads her blameless days
 With that content which she so well displays,
 Her own Honoria we in her shall view,
 And think her allegoric vision true.

Thus wand'ring wild among the golden grain
 That fruitful floats on Bansted's airy plain,
 Careless I sung, while summer's western gale
 Breath'd health and fragrance thro' the dusky vale ;
 When from a neighb'ring hawthorn, in whose shade
 Conceal'd she lay, up-rose th' Aonian maid :
 Pleas'd had she listen'd ; and, with smiles, she cry'd,
 " Cease, friendly swain ! be this thy praise and pride,
 " That thou, of all the numerous tuneful throng,
 " First in our cause hast fram'd thy gen'rous song.
 " And ye, our sister choir ! proceed to tread
 " The flow'ry paths of fame, 'by science led !
 " Employ by turns the needle and the pen,
 " And in their fav'rite studies rival men !

† This lady has successfully applied herself to the sister arts of drawing and poetry, and has written an ingenious allegory, wherein two pilgrims, Fidelio and Honoria, after a fruitless search for the palace of Happiness, are at last conducted to the house of Content.

" May

" May all our sex your glorious tract pursue,
 " And keep your bright example still in view !
 " These lasting beauties will in youth engage,
 " And smoothe the wrinkles of declining age,
 " Secure to bloom, unconscious of decay,
 " When all Corinna's roses fade away.
 " For ev'n when love's short triumph shall be o'er,
 " When youth shall please, and beauty charm no more,
 " When man shall cease to flatter ; when the eye
 " Shall cease to sparkle, and the heart to sigh,
 " In that dread hour, when parent dust shall claim
 " The lifeless tribute of each kindred frame,
 " Ev'n then shall wisdom for her chosen fair
 " The fragrant wreaths of virt'ous fame prepare ;
 " Those wreaths which flourish in a happier clime,
 " Beyond the reach of envy and of time ;
 " While here, th' immortalizing muse shall save
 " Your darling names from dark Oblivion's grave ;
 " Those names the praise and wonder shall engage
 " Of ev'ry polish'd, wise, and virt'ous age ;
 " To latest times our annals shall adorn,
 " And save from folly thousands yet unborn."



O D E

TO THE HON. JAMES YORKE, M. A. NOW DEAN OF
LINCOLN.

IMITATED FROM HORACE, BOOK II. ODE XVI.

BY THE SAME.

FOR quiet, on Newmarket's plain,
The shiv'ring curate prays in vain,
When wint'ry show'rs are falling,
And stumbling steed, and whistling wind,
Quite banish from his anxious mind
The duties of his calling.

With thoughts engross'd by routs and plays,
The gallant soph for quiet prays,
Confuted and confuting;
And quiet is alike desir'd
Ev'n by the king's professor, tir'd
With wrangling and disputing.

In

r D
rector

In crowded senate, on the chair
Of our vice-chancellor fits Care,
Undaunted by the Mace ;
Care climbs the yatcht, when adverse gales
Detain or tear our patron's sails,
And ruffles ev'n his Grace.

How blest is he whose annual toil
With well-rang'd trees improves a soil
For ages yet unborn !
Such as at humble † Barley, plann'd
By mitred Herring's youthful hand,
The cultur'd glebe adorn.

From place to place we still pursue
Content, and hope in each to view
The visionary guest ;
Vainly we fly intruding care,
Not all, like you, the joys can share
Of Wimple and of Wrest.

Then let us snatch, while in our power,
The present transitory hour,
And leave to Heaven the morrow ;
Youth has its griefs ; a friend may die,
Or nymph deceive ; for none can fly
The giant hand of sorrow.

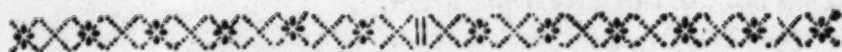
† Dr. Herring, late lord archbishop of Canterbury, was some time rector of Barley, a village near Barkway in Hertfordshire.

His country's hope, and parent's pride,
In bloom of life young Blandford dy'd :
His godlike father's eyes
Were dimm'd with age and helpless tears ;
And Heaven to me may grant the years
Which it to you denies.

Your rising virtues soon will claim
A portion of your brother's fame ;
And catch congenial fire ;
They shine in embassy and war,
They grace the senate and the bar,
And emulate their fire.

Invested with the sacred gown,
You soon, to rival their renown,
The glorious task shall join ;
And while they guard Britannia's laws,
You, steady to Religion's cause,
Shall guard the laws divine.





L O V E E L E G I E S.

B Y M R. H A M M O N D.

E L E G Y I.

FAREWEL that Liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain :
I saw NEÆRA, and her instant slave,
Tho' born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her usage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh that to feel these killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a senseless stone,
Was fix'd a rock amidst the wat'ry roar,
And in the vast Atlantic stood alone.

Adieu, ye Muses, or my passion aid,
Why should I loiter by your idle spring ?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do

do not ask the lofty Epic strain,
 Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere :
 I only sing one cruel maid to gain,
 Adieu, ye Muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless Innocence I'll pine,
 Since guilty presents win the greedy Fair,
 I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,
 But chiefly thine, O VENUS, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
 Who bends on sordid gold her low desires :
 Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,
 But love must act what avarice requires.

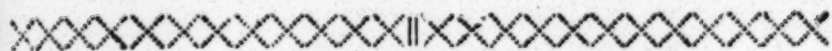
Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,
 With Tyrian purple soil'd the snowy sheep ;
 Unwiser still who seas and mountains cross,
 To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep :

These costly toys our silly Fair surprise,
 The shining follies cheat their feeble sight,
 Their hearts, secure in trifles, Love despise,
 'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
 And earthly thought beneath a heav'nly face ?
 Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
 Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace ?

Hence

Hence all the blame that Love and VENUS bear,
 Hence Pleasure short, and Anguish ever long,
 Hence tears and sighs, and hence the peevish Fair,
 The froward lover,—hence this angry song.



E L E G Y II.

BY THE SAME.

A DIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
 No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bound,
 My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
 My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's found.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile,
 On spoil and war is bent this iron age;
 Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,
 Unsated vengeance and remorseless rage:

To purchase spoil ev'n love itself is sold,
 Her lover's heart is least NEÆRA'S care,
 And I thro' war must seek detested gold,
 Not for myself, but for my venal fair:

That while she bends beneath the weight of drefs,
 The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien;
 And art mistaken make her beauty less,
 While still it hides some graces better seen.

Vol. IV.

O

But

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,
 Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden sand,
 Hers the bright gems that glow in India's soil,
 Hers the black sons of Africk's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend,
 For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed.
 But where alas would idle Fancy tend ?
 And sooth with dreams a youthful poet's head ?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
 In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,
 And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by Pride, I think I love no more,
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind :
 In vain,—tho' Reason fly the hated door,
 Yet Love, the coward Love, still lags behind.



E L E G Y III.

BY THE SAME.

SHOULD Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents stream from every part,
That craving bosom still would heave for more,
Not all the God could satisfy thy heart :

But may thy Folly, which can thus disdain
My honest love the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy fordid gain,
And on the shining heaps of rapine prey :

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doem,
And, when thou dy'st, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deserving, tender, generous maid,
Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,
Tho' ruthless age may bid her beauty fade
In every friend to love, a friend shall find ;

And when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,
The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,
And round the bier assembled lovers weep :

No stealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
 Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand ;
 Ah why so soon the tender blossom tear ?
 E're Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye gods, whoever, in gloomy shades below,
 Now slowly tread your melancholy round,
 Now wand'ring view the baleful rivers flow,
 And musing harken to their solemn sound :

Oh let me still enjoy the chearful day,
 Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
 Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
 And tell how much we lov'd, e'er I grew old.

But you, who now with festive garlands crown'd,
 In chace of pleasure the gay moments spend,
 By quick enjoyment heal Love's pleasing wound,
 And grieve for nothing, but your absent friend.



E L E G Y V.

BY THE SAME.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my CYNTHIA's doors,
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And JOVE's own thunder rive those bolts of steel,

Ah gentle door attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flow'ry wreaths I gave,
When first I told thee of my bold desires,
Nor thou, O CYNTHIA, fear the watchful slave,
VENUS will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youths who see not where they tread,
She shews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,
 The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way,
 Sacred he wanders thro' the pathless night,
 Belongs to VENUS, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
 Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
 If all the hardships I for love sustain,
 With Love's victorious joys at last be crown'd :

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,
 Or check the freedom of secure delight——
 Rash man beware, and shut thy curious eyes,
 Lest angry VENUS snatch their guilty sight :

But should'st thou see, th' important secret hide,
 Tho' question'd by the powers of earth and heav'n,
 The prating tongue shall Love's revenge abide,
 Still sue for grace, and never be forgiv'n,

A wizard-dame, thy lover's ancient friend,
 With magic charm has deaf't thy husband's ear,
 At her command I saw the stars descend,
 And winged light'nings stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,
 While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam,
 I saw them harken to her potent sound,
 Till scar'd at day they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vig'rous summer pines,
 And wint'ry clouds obscure the hopeful year,
 At her strong bidding gloomy winter shines,
 And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms which I on thee bestow,
 They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
 For me they make an husband nothing know,
 For me, and only me, they make him blind.

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,
 She boasted that her skill could set it free ;
 This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies,
 How could it venture to abandon thee ?



E L E G Y VI.

BY THE SAME,

THOUSANDS would seek the lasting peace of death,
 And in that harbour shun the storm of care,
 Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,
 She tells them still, — to-morrow will be fair ;

She tells me, **DELIA**, I shall thee obtain,
 But can I listen to her syren song,
 Who sev'n slow months have drag'd my painful chain,
 So long thy lover, and despis'd so long ?

By

By all the joys thy dearest CELIA gave,
 Let not her once-lov'd friend unpity'd burn:
 So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,
 And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame,
 She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue,
 She still wou'd pity what the wife might blame,
 And feel for weakness which she never knew:

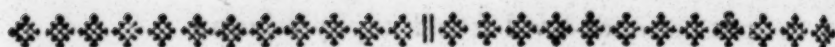
Ah do not grieve the dear lamented shade,
 That hov'ring round us all my suff'rings hears,
 She is my saint,—to her my pray'rs are made,
 With oft repeated gifts of flow'rs and tears:

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,
 And lonely sitting by the silent stone,
 I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire,
 The marble image seems to hear my moan:

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,
 And stand before thee all in virgin white;
 That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,
 And call forth pity from eternal night:

Cease, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
 Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain,
 Ah to recall the sad remembrance spare,
 One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY



E L E G Y VII.

BY THE SAME.

NOW DELIA breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on DELIA there,
And Cupid sports amid the sylvan train.

Oh with what joy my DELIA to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mold,
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along :

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand ;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdu'd to Love's supreme command.

No healing herbs cou'd sooth their master's pain,
The art of physic lost and uselefs lay,
To Pencus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray :

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
 His blushing ^s sister saw him pace along,
 Oft wou'd his voice the silent valley charm,
 Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
 Where by his darts the crested Python slain?
 Where are his Delphi? his delightful isle?
 The God himself is grown a cottage swain.

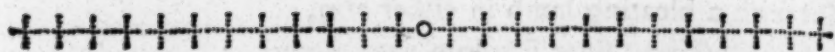
O Ceres, in your golden fields no more,
 With harvest's chearful pomp my fair detain,—
 Think what for lost ^t Proserpina you bore,
 And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,
 Their food was acorns, love their sole imploy,
 They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,
 And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy:

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
 Thrice happy times!—but oh I fondly rave,
 Lead me to DELIA, all her eyes inspire
 I'll do,—I'll plough or dig as DELIA's slave.

^s The Goddess Diana.

^t The daughter of Ceres, taken from her by Pluto.



E L E G Y VIII.

B Y T H E S A M E.

AH what avails thy lover's pious care?
 His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain,
 Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle pray'r,
 For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain;

With thee I hop'd to waste the pleasing day,
 Till in thy arms an age of joy was past,
 Then old with love insensibly decay,
 And on thy bosom gently breath my last.

I scorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
 And all the vulgar charms of human life,
 I only ask to live my DELIA's slave,
 And when I long have serv'd her, call her wife:

I only ask, of her I love possess,
 To sink o'ercome with bliss in safe repose,
 To strain her yielding beauties to my breast,
 And kiss her wearied eye-lids till they close.

Attend, O Juno, with thy sober ear,
 Attend, gay Venus, parent of desire,
 This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,
 Oh let me with this sigh of love expire.

ELEGY



E L E G Y IX.

BY THE SAME.

HE who cou'd first two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder in my mind,
The lover still who dy'd not of despair.

With mean disguise let others nature hide,
And mimick virtue with the paint of art,
I scorn the cheat of reason's foolish pride,
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heav'nly charm to prize,
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my ling'ring night.
When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone,
DELIA is lost, and all my past delight
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms ?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes ?
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms ?
Where all those hopes relentless fate denies ?

When

When spent with endless grief I die at last

DELIA may come, and see my poor remains—
Oh DELIA, after such an absence past,
Can'st thou still love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's coarse attend?

With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames ascend,
Then slowly sinking by degrees expire:

To sooth the hov'ring soul be thine the care,

With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In fable weeds the golden vase to bear,
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand:

Panchaia's odours be their costly feast,

And all the pride of Asia's fragrant year,
Give them the treasures of the farthest East,
And, what is still more precious, give thy tear.

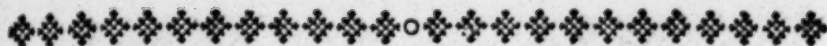
Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,

Let all the world thy hapless lover know,
No silent urn the noble passion hide,
But deeply graven thus my sufferings show:

Here lies a youth born down with love and care,

He cou'd not long his DELIA's loss abide,
Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,
And when he durst no longer hope, he dy'd.

ELEGY



E L E G Y X.

BY THE SAME.

THIS day, which saw my DELIA's beauty rise,
Shall more than all our sacred days be blest,
The world enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,
Oh may our guiltless love be still the same,
I burn, and glory in the pleasing fires,
If DELIA's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind,

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous pray'r
Or bind the shepherdes or loose the swain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain.

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,
But virgin tears her nicer tongue restrain,
The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
The conscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY



E L E G Y XI.

BY THE SAME.

THE man, who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew stronger by his fatal art :

Yet not from steel, debate and battle rose,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,,
Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,
E're for my absence DELIA lose a tear.

Why shou'd the lover quit his pleasing home,
In search of danger on some foreign ground ?
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And risk in ev'ry stroke a double wound :

Ah better far, beneath the spreading shade,
With chearful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,
To sing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the sweet idea feast my soul :

Then,

Then, full of Love, to all her charms retire,
 And fold her blushing to my eager breast,
 Till, quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,
 Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.



E L E G Y XII.

BY THE SAME.

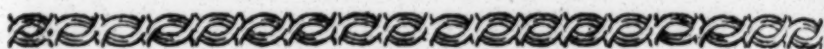
NO second love shall e'er my heart surprize,
 This solemn league did first our passion bind:
 Thou only thou canst please thy lover's eyes,
 Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
 Displease all others, and secure my rest,
 No need of envy,—let me happy be,
 I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
 Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
 Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expell,
 And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore,
 My tongue undoes me in this loving hour,
 Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more,
 Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear,
In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my pray'r.



E L E G Y XIII.

BY THE SAME.

LET others boast their heaps of shining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,
And trumpets break their slumbers never found:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy sweet leisure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,
But cheaply blest I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its master's hand,
Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a stroling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain;
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest?

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my DELIA, walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on DELIA as I go?
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for DELIA, and my self alone.

Ah foolish man, who thus of her possess'd,
Cou'd float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings spoke him blest,
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own,
The smile of fortune might suspicion raise,
But here I know that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wisdom as in wit divine,
 May rise and plead Britannia's glorious cause,
 With steady rein his eager wit confine,
 While manly sense the deep attention draws :

Let Stanhope speak his list'ning country's wrong,
 My humble voice shall please one partial maid ;
 For her alone I pen my tender song,
 Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

Stanhope shall come, and grace his rural friend,
 DELIA shall wonder at her noble guest,
 With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,
 And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Hers be the care of all my little train,
 While I with tender indolence am blest,
 The fav'rite subject of her gentle reign,
 By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
 In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock,
 For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
 And sleep extended on the naked rock :

Ah what avails to press the stately bed,
 And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep,
 By marble fountains lay the pensive head,
 And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep ?

DELIA

DELIA alone can please, and never tire,
 Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
 With her, enjoyment wakens new desire,
 And equal rapture glows thro' every night:

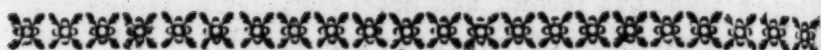
Beauty and worth in her alike contend
 To charm the fancy and to fix the mind.
 In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend;
 I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze when others' loves are o'er,
 And dying press her with my clay cold hand—
 Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,
 Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,
 Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill,
 Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
 Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still;

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,
 Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart,
 O leave me DELIA, e'er thou see me dead,
 These weeping friends will do thy mournful part:

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
 Convey the corpse in melancholy state,
 Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,
 While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.



E L E G Y XIV.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In some lone spot with peace and thee retir'd,
Tho' reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,
I still believ'd what flatt'ring love inspir'd :

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,
To dangerous bliss no longer to pretend,
In books, a calm but fixt content to find,
Safe Joys, that on ourselves alone depend :

With them the gentle moments I beguile
In learned ease, and elegant delight,
Compare the beauties of each different stile,
Each various ray of wit's diffusive light :

Now mark the strength of Milton's sacred lines,
Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the god-head shines,
And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now fir'd by Pope and Virtue leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author thro' his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
 And reason fix its empire o'er my heart.
 My patriot breast a nobler warmth shall feel,
 And glow with love where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttleton, shall be my guide,
 Its fire shall warm me, and its worth improve,
 Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
 Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O West, with her your partner dear,
 Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,
 With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,
 Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why, so long my weaker heart deceive ?
 Ah still I love in pride and reason's spite,
 No books, alas ! my painful thoughts relieve,
 And while I threat, this elegy I write.



E L E G Y XV.

BY THE SAME.

OH form'd alike to serve us and to please ;
 Polite with honesty ; and learn'd with ease ;
 With heart to act, with genius to retire ;
 Open, yet wise ; tho' gentle, full of fire ;

With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,
 Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart ;
 Hear then from what my long despair arose,
 The faithful story of a lover's woes :
 When, in a sober melancholy hour,
 Reduc'd by sickness under reason's power,
 I view'd my state too little weigh'd before,
 And love himself cou'd flatter me no more,
 My DELIA's hopes I would no more deceive,
 But whom my passion hurt, thro' friendship leave ;
 I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,
 And cure her sex's weakness thro' it's pride :
 The prudence which I taught, I ill pursu'd,
 The charm my reason broke, my heart renew'd ;
 Again submissive to her feet I came,
 And prov'd too well my passion by my shame ;
 While she, secure in coldness, or disdain,
 Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
 Began with higher views her thoughts to raise,
 And scorn'd the humble Poet of her praise :
 She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
 And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale,
 Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,
 Nor once in thought was on her lover's side :
 Oh where were then my scenes of fancy'd life ?
 Oh where the friend, the mistress, and the wife ?
 Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,
 Not two revolving moons could see them last.—
 'To Stow's delightful scenes I now repair,
 In Cobham's smile to lose the gloom of care !

Nor

Nor fear that he my weakness shou'd despise,
 In nature learned, and humanely wise:
 There Pit, in manners soft, in friendship warm,
 With mild advice my list'ning grief shall charm,
 With sense to counsel, and with wit to please,
 A Roman's virtue with a Courtier's ease.
 Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,
 Contemn the human weakness of my breast;
 Reason may chide the faults she cannot cure,
 And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure;
 Tho' wiser cares employ your studious mind;
 Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,
 Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,
 And learn my woes to pity, by its own.



THE AFRICAN PRINCE,

NOW IN ENGLAND, TO ZARA AT HIS FATHER'S COURT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIX.

BY DR. DODD.

PRINCES, my fair, unfortunately great,
 Born to the pompous vassalage of state,
 Whene'er the public calls, are doom'd to fly
 Domestic bliss, and break the private tie,
 Fame pays with empty breath the toils they bear,
 And love's soft joys are chang'd for glorious care;

Yet

Yet conscious virtue, in the silent hour,
 Rewards the hero with a noble dow'r.
 For this alone I dar'd the roaring sea,
 Yet more, for this I dar'd to part with thee.
 But while my bosom feels the nobler flame,
 Still unprov'd, it owns thy gentler claim.
 Tho' virtue's awful form my soul approves,
 'Tis thine, thine only, Zara, that it loves.
 A private lot had made the claim but one,
 The prince alone must love, for virtue shun.
 Ah! why distinguish'd from the happier crowd,
 To me the bliss of millions disallow'd?
 Why was I singled for imperial sway,
 Since love and duty point a different way?
 Fix'd the dread voyage, and the day decreed,
 When, duty's victim, love was doom'd to bleed,
 Too well my mem'ry can these scenes renew,
 We met to sigh, to weep our last adieu.
 That conscious palm, beneath whose tow'ring shade
 So oft our vows of mutual love were made;
 Where hope so oft anticipated joy,
 And plann'd of future years the best employ;
 That palm was witness to the tears we shed,
 When that fond hope, and all those joys were fled.
 Thy trembling lips, with trembling lips, I prest,
 And held thee panting to my panting breast.
 Our sorrow, grown too mighty to sustain,
 Now snatch'd us, fainting, from the sense of pain.
 Together sinking in the trance divine,
 I caught thy fleeting soul, and gave thee mine!

O! blest

O! blest oblivion of tormenting care!
 O! why recall'd to life and to despair?
 The dreadful summons came, to part—and why?
 Why not the kinder summons but to die?
 To die together were to part no more,
 To land in safety on some peaceful shore,
 Where love's the business of immortal life,
 And happy spirits only guess at strife.
 "If in some distant land my prince should find
 "Some nymph more fair, you cry'd, as Zara kind"—
 Mysterious doubt! which could at once impart
 Relief to mine, and anguish to thy heart.
 Still let me triumph in the fear express'd,
 The voice of love that whisper'd in thy breast;
 Nor call me cruel, for my truth shall prove
 'Twas but the vain anxiety of love,

Torn from thy fond embrace, the strand I gain,
 Where mourning friends inflict superfluous pain;
 My father there his struggling sighs suppress'd,
 And in dumb anguish clasp'd me to his breast,
 Then fought, conceal'd the conflict of his mind,
 To give the fortitude he could not find;
 Each life-taught precept kindly he renew'd,
 "Thy country's good, said he, be still pursu'd!
 "If, when the gracious gods my son restore,
 "These eyes shall sleep in death, to wake no more;
 "If then these limbs, that now in age decay,
 "Shall mould'ring mix with earth's parental clay;
 "Round my green tomb perform the sacred rite,
 "Assume my throne, and let thy yoke be light;

" From

“ From lands of freedom glorious precepts bring,
 “ And reign at once a father and a king.”

How vainly proud, the arrogantly great
 Presume to boast a monarch's godlike state !
 Subject alike, the peasant and the king,
 To life's dark ills, and care's corroding sting.
 From guilt and fraud, that strikes in silence sure,
 No shield can guard us, and no arms secure.
 By these, my fair, subdu'd, thy prince was lost,
 A naked captive on a barb'rous coast.

Nurtur'd in ease, a thousand servants round,
 My wants prevented, and my wishes crown'd,
 No painful labours stretch'd the tedious day,
 On downy feet my moments danc'd away.
 Where-e'er I look'd, officious courtiers bow'd,
 Where-e'er I pass'd, a shouting people crowd ;
 No fears intruded on the joys I knew,
 Each man my friend, my lovely mistress you.
 What dreadful change ! abandon'd and alone,
 The shouted prince is now a slave unknown ;
 To watch his eye no bending courtiers wait,
 No hailing crowds proclaim his regal state ;
 A slave condemn'd, with unrewarded toil,
 To turn, from morn to eve, a burning soil.
 Fainting beneath the sun's meridian heat,
 Rouz'd by the scourge, the taunting jest I meet :
 “ Thanks to thy friends, they cry, whose care recalls
 “ A prince to life, in whom a nation falls !”
 Unwholesome scraps, my strength but half sustain'd,
 From corners glean'd, and ev'n by dogs disdain'd ;

At

At night I mingled with a wretched crew,
 Who by long use with woe familiar grew ;
 Of manners brutish, merciless, and rude,
 They mock'd my sufferings, and my pangs renew'd :
 In groans, not sleep, I pass'd the weary night,
 And rose to labour with the morning light.

Yet, thus of dignity and ease beguil'd,
 Thus scorn'd and scourg'd, insulted and revil'd,
 If heav'n with thee my faithful arms had blest,
 And fill'd with love my intervals of rest,
 Short tho' they were, my soul had never known
 One secret wish to glitter on a throne ;
 The toilsome day had heard no sigh of mine,
 Nor stripes, nor scorn, had urg'd me to repine.
 A monarch, still beyond a monarch blest,
 Thy love my diadem, my throne thy breast ;
 My courtiers, watchful of my looks, thy eyes,
 Should shine, persuade, and flatter, and advise ;
 Thy voice my music, and thy arms should be—
 Ah ! not the prison of a slave in me !
 Could I with infamy content remain,
 And wish thy lovely form to share my chain ?
 Could this bring ease, forgive th' unworthy thought,
 And let the love that sinn'd atone the fault.
 Could I, a slave, and hopeless to be free,
 Crawl, tamely recent from the scourge, to thee ?
 Thy blooming beauties could these arms embrace ?
 My guilty joys enslave an infant race ?
 No : rather blast me light'nings, whirlwind tear,
 And drive these limbs in atoms thro' the air ;

Rather

Rather than this, O! curse me still with life,
 And let my Zara smile a rival's wife:
 Be mine alone th' accumulated woe,
 Nor let me propagate my curse below.

But, from this dreadful scene, with joy I turn:
 To trust in Heav'n, of me let Zara learn.
 The wretch, the fordid hypocrite, who sold
 His charge, an unsuspecting prince, for gold,
 That justice mark'd, whose eyes can never sleep,
 And death commission'd, smote him on the deep.
 The gen'rous crew their port in safety gain,
 And tell my mournful tale, nor tell in vain;
 The king, with horror of the atrocious deed,
 In haste commanded, and the slave was freed.
 No more Britannia's cheek, the blush of shame,
 Burns for my wrongs, her king restores her fame;
 Propitious gales, to Freedom's happy shore
 Waft me triumphant, and the prince restore;
 Whate'er is great and gay around me shine,
 And all the splendor of a court is mine.
 Here knowledge too, by piety refin'd,
 Sheds a bright radiance o'er my bright'ning mind;
 From earth I travel upward to the sky,
 I learn to live, to reign, yet more, to die.
 O! I have tales to tell, of love divine—
 Such blefsful tidings! they shall soon be thine,
 I long to tell thee, what, amaz'd, I see,
 What habits, buildings, trades, and polity!
 How art and nature vie to entertain
 In public shows, and mix delight with pain.

O! Zara,

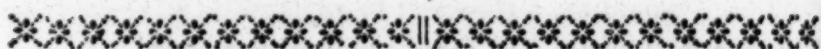
O! Zara^u, here, a story like my own,
 With mimic skill, in borrow'd names, was shown;
 An Indian chief, like me, by fraud betray'd,
 And partner in his woes an Indian maid.
 I can't recall the scenes, 'tis pain too great,
 And, if recall'd, should shudder to relate.

To write the wonders here, I strive in vain;
 Each word would ask a thousand to explain.
 The time shall come, O! speed the ling'ring hour!
 When Zara's charms shall lend description pow'r;
 When plac'd beside thee in the cool alcove,
 Or thro' the green Savannahs as we rove,
 The frequent kiss shall interrupt the tale,
 And looks shall speak my sense, tho' language fail.
 Then shall the prodigies that round me rise,
 Fill thy dear bosom with a sweet surprise;
 Then all my knowledge to thy faithful heart,
 With danger gain'd, securely I'll impart.
 Methinks I see thy changing looks express
 Th' alternate sense of pleasure and distress;
 As all the windings of my fate I trace,
 And wing thy fancy swift from place to place.

Yet where, alas! has flatt'ring thoughts convey'd
 The ravish'd lover with his darling maid?
 Between us still unmeasur'd oceans roll,
 Which hostile barks infest, and storms controul.
 Be calm, my bosom, since th' unmeasur'd main,
 And hostile barks, and storms, are God's domain:

^u He alludes to the Play of Oroonoko, at which he was present, and so affected as to be unable to continue, during its performance, in the house.

He rules resistless, and his pow'r shall guide
 My life in safety o'er the roaring tide ;
 Shall bless the love that's built on virtue's base,
 And spare me to evangelize my race.
 Farewel ! thy prince still lives, and still is free :
 Farewel ! hope all things, and remember me.



Z A R A,

AT THE COURT OF ANAMABOE, TO THE AFRICAN
 PRINCE WHEN IN ENGLAND.

BY THE SAME.

SHOULD I the language of my heart conceal,
 Nor warmly paint the passion that I feel ;
 My rising wish should groundless fears confine,
 And doubts ungen'rous chill the glowing line ;
 Would not my prince, with nobler warmth, disdain
 That love, as languid, which could stoop to feign ?
 Let guilt dissemble—in my faithful breast
 Love reigns unblam'd, and be that love confess.
 I give my bosom naked to thy view,
 For what has shame with innocence to do ?
 In fancy now I clasp thee to my heart,
 Exchange my vows, and all my joys impart.

I catch

I catch new transport from thy speaking eye ;—
 But whence this sad involuntary sigh ?
 Why pants my bosom with intruding fears ?
 Why, from my eyes, distil unbidden tears ?
 Why do my hands thus tremble as I write ?
 Why fades thy lov'd idea from my sight ?
 O ! art thou safe on Britain's happy shore,
 From winds that bellow, and from seas that roar ?
 And has my prince—(Oh, more than mortal pain !)
 Betray'd by ruffians, felt the captive's chain ?
 Bound were those limbs, ordain'd alone to prove
 The toils of empire, and the sweets of love ?
 Hold, hold ! Barbarians of the fiercest kind !
 Fear Heaven's red lightning—'tis a prince ye bind ;
 A prince, whom no indignities could hide,
 They knew, presumptuous ! and the gods defy'd.
 Where-e'er he moves, let love-join'd reverence rise,
 And all mankind behold with Zara's eyes !

Thy breast alone, when bounding o'er the waves
 To Freedom's climes, from slavery and slaves ;
 Thy breast alone the pleasing thought could frame
 Of what I felt, when thy dear letters came :
 A thousand times I held them to my breast,
 A thousand times my lips the paper prest :
 My full heart panted with a joy too strong,
 And " Oh, my prince !" dy'd fault'ring on my tongue ;
 Fainting, I sunk, unequal to the strife,
 And milder joys sustain'd returning life.
 Hope, sweet enchantress, round my love-sick head
 Delightful scenes of blest delusion spread.

" Come, come, my prince! my charmer! haste away;
 " Come, come, I cry'd, thy Zara blames thy stay.
 " For thee the shrubs their richest sweets retain;
 " For thee, new colours wait to paint the plain;
 " For thee, cool breezes linger in the grove,
 " The birds expect thee in the green alcove;
 " Till thy return, the rills forget to fall,
 " Till thy return, the sun, the soul of all!—
 " He comes, my maids, in his meridian charms,
 " He comes refulgent to his Zara's arms;
 " With jocund songs proclaim my love's return;
 " With jocund hearts his nuptial bed adorn.
 " Bright as the sun, yet gentle as the dove,
 " He comes, uniting majesty with love."——

Too soon, alas! the blest delusion flies;
 Care swells my breast, and sorrow fills my eyes.
 Ah! why do thy fond words suggest a fear—
 Too vast, too numerous, those already here!
 Ah! why with doubts torment my bleeding breast,
 Of seas which storms controul, and foes infest!
 My heart, in all this tedious absence, knows
 No thoughts but those of seas, and storms, and foes.

Each joyless morning, with the rising sun,
 Quick to the strand my feet spontaneous run:
 " Where, where's my prince! what tidings have ye brought?"
 Of each I met, with pleading tears I fought.
 In vain I fought, some, conscious of my pain,
 With horrid silence pointed to the main.
 Some with a sneer the brutal thought exprest,
 And plung'd the dagger of a barb'rous jest.

Day

Day follow'd day, and still I wish'd the next,
 New hopes still flatter'd, and new doubts perplex'd;
 Day follow'd day, the wish'd to-morrow came,
 My hopes, doubts, fears, anxieties the same.

At length—" O Power Supreme! whoe'er thou art,

" Thy shrine the sky, the sea, the earth, or heart;

" Since every clime, and all th' unbounded main,

" And hostile barks, and storms, are thy domain,

" If faithful passion can thy bounty move,

" And goodness sure must be the friend of love,

" Safe to these arms my lovely prince restore,

" Safe to his Zara's arms to part no more.

" O! grant to virtue thy protecting care,

" And grant thy love to love's availing pray'r,

" Together then, and emulous to praise,

" A flowery altar to thy name we'll raise;

" There, first and last, on each returning day,

" To thee our vows of gratitude we'll pay."

Fool that I was, to all my comfort blind,

Why, when thou went'st, did Zara stay behind?

How could I fondly hope one joy to prove,

'Midst all the wild anxieties of love?

Had fate in other mold, thy Zara form'd,

And my bold breast in manly friendship warm'd,

How had I glow'd exulting at thy side!

How all the shafts of adverse fate defy'd!

Or yet a woman, and not nerv'd for toil,

With thee, O! had I turn'd a burning foil!

In the cold prison had I lain with thee,

In love still happy, we had still been free;

Then fortune brav'd, had own'd superior might,
And pin'd with envy, while we forc'd delight.

Why shouldst thou bid thy love remember thee?
Thine all my thoughts have been, and still shall be.
Each night the cool Savannahs have I fought,
And breath'd the fondness of enamour'd thought;
The curling breezes murmur'd as I sigh'd,
And hoarse, at distance, roar'd my foe the tide:
My breast still haunted by a motley train,
Now doubts, now hopes prevail'd, now joy, now pain.
Now fix'd I stand, my spirit fled to thine,
Nor note the time, nor see the sun decline;

Now rous'd I start, and wing'd with fear I run,
In vain, alas! for 'tis myself I shun.
When kindly sleep its lenient balm supply'd,
And gave that comfort waking thought deny'd.
Last night—but why, ah Zara! why impart,
The fond, fond fancies of a love-sick heart?
Yet true delights on fancy's wings are brought,
And love's soft raptures realiz'd in thought—
Last night I saw, methinks I see it now—
Heaven's awful concave round thy Zara bow;
When sudden thence a flaming chariot flew,
Which earth receiv'd, and six white coarsers drew.
Then—quick transiion—did thy Zara ride,
Borne to the chariot—wond'rous—by thy side:
All glorious both, from clime to clime we flew,
Each happy clime with sweet surprize we view.

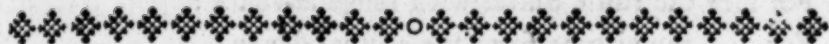
A thousand

A thousand voices sung—" All blifs betide
 " The prince of Lybia, and his faithful bride."
 " 'Tis done, 'tis done," resounded thro' the skies,
 And quick aloft the car began to rise;
 Ten thousand beauties crowded on my sight,
 Ten thousand glories beam'd a dazzling light.
 My thoughts could bear no more, the vision fled,
 And wretched Zara view'd her lonely bed.—
 Come, sweet interpreter, and ease my soul;
 Come to my bosom, and explain the whole.
 Alas! my prince—yet hold, my struggling breast!
 Sure we shall meet again, again be blest.
 " Hope all, thou say'st, I live, and still am free;"
 O! then prevent those hopes, and haste to me.
 Ease all the doubts thy Zara's bosom knows,
 And kindly stop the torrent of her woes.

But, that I know too well thy gen'rous heart,
 One doubt, than all, more torment would impart:
 'Tis this; in Britain's happy courts to shine,
 Amidst a thousand blooming maids, is thine—
 But thou, a thousand blooming maids among,
 Art still thyself, incapable of wrong;
 No outward charm can captivate thy mind,
 Thy love is friendship heighten'd and refin'd;
 'Tis what my soul, and not my form inspires,
 And burns with spotless and immortal fires.
 Thy joys, like mine, from conscious truth arise,
 And, known these joys, what others canst thou prize?

Be jealous doubts the curse of fordid minds ;
 Hence, jealous doubts, I give ye to the winds.—
 Once more, O come ! and snatch me to thy arms !
 Come, shield my beating heart from vain alarms !
 Come, let me hang enamour'd on thy breast,
 Weep pleasing tears, and be with joy distrest !
 Let me still hear, and still demand thy tale,
 And, oft renew'd, still let my suit prevail !
 Much still remains to tell and to enquire,
 My hand still writes, and writing prompts desire ;
 My pen denies my last farewell to write,
 Still, still “ return,” my wishful thoughts indite :
 O ! hear, my prince, thy love, thy mistress call,
 Think o’er each tender name, and hear by all.
 O ! pleasing intercourse of soul with soul,
 Thus, while I write, I see, I clasp thee whole ;
 And these kind letters trembling Zara drew,
 In every line shall bring her to thy view.
 Return, return, in love and truth excell ;
 Return, I write ; I cannot add—Farewell.





ON NOBILITY: AN EPISTLE.

TO THE EARL OF ———

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ. P. L.

POETS, my Lord, by some unlucky fate
 Condemn'd to flatter the too easy great,
 Have oft, regardless of their Heav'n-born flame,
 Enshrin'd a title, and ador'd a name;
 For idol deities forsook the true,
 And paid to greatness what was virtue's due.

Yet hear, at least, one recreant bard maintain
 Their incense fruitless, and your honours vain:
 Teach you to scorn th' auxiliar props, that raise
 The painted produce of these sun-shine days;
 Proud from yourself, like India's worm, to weave
 Th' ennobling thread, which fortune cannot give.
 In two short precepts your whole lesson lies;
 Wou'd you be great?—be virtuous, and be wise.

In elder time, e'er heralds yet were known
 To gild the vain with glories not their own;
 Or infant language saw such terms prevail,
 As Fefs and Chev'ron, Pale and Contrepale;
 'Twas he alone the shaggy spoils might wear,
 Whose strength subdu'd the lion, or the bear;
 For him the rosy spring with smiles beheld
 Her honours stript from every grove and field;

For him the rustic quires with songs advance ;
 For him the virgins form the annual dance.
 Born to protect, like Gods they hail the brave ;
 And sure 'twas godlike, to be born to save !

In Turkey still these simple manners reign,
 Tho' Pharamond has liv'd, and Charlemagne :
 The cottage hind may there admitted rise
 A chief, or statesman, as his talent lies ;
 And all, but Othman's race, the only proud,
 Fall with their fires, and mingle with the crowd.

Politer courts, ingenious to extend
 The father's virtues, bid his pomps descend ;
 Chiefs premature with suasive wreaths adorn,
 And force to glory heroes yet unborn,
 w Plac'd like Hamilcar's son, their path's confin'd,
 Forward they must, for monsters press behind ;
 Monsters more dire than Spain's, or Barca's snakes,
 If fame they grasp not, infamy o'ertakes.
 'Tis the same virtue's vigorous, just effort
 Must grace alike St. James's, or the Porte ;
 Alike, my Lord, must Turk, or British peer,
 Be to his King, and to his country dear ;

w *Plac'd like Hamilcar's son, &c.*] Ibi fama est, in quiete visum ab eo
 Juvenem divinâ specie, qui se ab Jove diceret ducem in Italiam Annibali
 missum. Proinde sequeretur, neque usquam à se desisteret oculos. Pavidum
 primo, nusquam respicientem, &c.—Tandem,—temperare oculis nequi-
 vissè: tum vidisse post se serpentem mirâ magnitudine cum ingenti arborum
 ac virgultorum strage ferri, &c. Liv. lib. xxi. c. 22.

Alike

Alike must either honour's cause maintain,
You to preserve a fame, and they to gain.

For birth——precarious were that boasted gem,
Tho' worth flow'd copious in the vital stream :
(Of which a sad reverse historians preach,
And fage Experience proves the truths they teach.)
For say, ye great, who boast another's scars,
And, like Busris, end among the stars,
What is this boon of Heav'n ? dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will.
Might not, in Pagan days, and open air,
Some wand'ring Jove surprise th' unguarded fair ?
And did your gentle grandames always prove
Stern rebels to the charms of lawless love ?
And never pity'd, at some tender time,
* A dying Damian, with'ring in his prime ?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Lov'd, and elop'd, as modern ladies do ?

But grant them virtuous, were they all of birth ?
Did never nobles mix with vulgar earth,
And city maids to envy'd heights translate,
Subdu'd by passion, and decay'd estate ?
Or, sigh, still humbler, to the passing gales
By turf-built cots in daisy-painted vales ?
Who does not, Pamela, thy suff'rings feel ?
Who has not wept at beauteous Grisel's wheel ?

* *A dying Damian, &c.*] See January and May in Chaucer and Mr. Pope,

And

And each fair Marchioness, that Gallia pours
(Exotic sorrows) to Britannia's shores?

Then blame us not, if backward to comply
With your demands: we fear a forgery.
In spite of patents, and of kings decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment-trees,
Your proofs are gone, your very claims are lost,
But by the manners of that race you boast.
O if true virtue fires their gen'rous blood,
The feel for fame, the pant for public good,
The kind concern for innocence distress,
The Titus' wish to make a people blest,
At every deed we see their father's tomb
Shoot forth new laurels in eternal bloom;
We hear the rattling car, the neighing steeds,
A Poitiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds!
Titles and birth, like di'monds from the mine,
Must by your worth be polish'd e'er they shine;
Thence drink new lustre, there unite their rays,
And stream thro' ages one unfully'd blaze.

But what avails the crest with flow'rets crown'd,
The mother virtuous, or the fires renown'd,
If, from the breathing walls, those fires behold
The midnight gamester trembling for his gold:
And see those hours, when sleep their toils repair'd,
(Or, if they wak'd, they wak'd for Britain's guard,)

And each fair Marchioness, &c.] Marianne, the Fortunate Country
Maid, &c.

Now

Now on lewd loves bestow'd, or drench'd in wine,
 Drown and embrate the particle divine?
 How must they wish, with many a sigh, unheard
 The warmest pray'r they once to heav'n prefer'd!
 When not content with fame for kingdoms won,
 They sought an added boon, and ask'd a son;
 That cloud eternal in their sky serene,
 That dull dead weight that drags them down to men,
 And speaks as plainly as the muse's tongue,
 "Frail were the fires from whom we mortals sprung."

Incense to such may breathe, but breathes in vain,
 The dusky vapour but obscures the fane:
² Loretto's lady like, such patrons bear
 The flatt'ring stains of many a live-long year;
 Whilst but to shame them beams fictitious day,
 And their own filth th' eternal lamps betray.
 Tell us, ye names, preserv'd from Charles's times
 In dedication prose, heroic rhymes;
 Would ye not now, with equal joy resign
 (Tho' taught to flow in Dryden's strain divine)
 The awkward virtues never meant to fit,
 The alien morals, and imputed wit,
 Whose very praise but lends a fatal breath
 To save expiring infamy from death?
 And yet, in conqu'ring vice small virtue lies;
 The weak can shun it, and the vain despise.

² *Loretto's lady, &c.*] See Dr. Middleton's Letter from Rome, (4th edit. octavo) page 155.

'Tis yours, my Lord, to form a nobler aim,
 And build on active merit endless fame ;
 Unlike the loit'ring, still forgotten croud,
 Who, ev'n at best but negatively good,
 Thro' Sloth's dull round drag out a length of days,
 While Life's dim taper gradually decays ;
 And numbers fall, and numbers rise the same,
 Their country's burden, and their nature's shame.

What tho' in youth, while flatt'ring hopes presume
 On health's vain flourish for long years to come,
 Thoughtless and gay, a mad good-nature draws
 From Followers flatt'ry, and from crouds applause ;
 Nay from the wise, by some capricious whim,
 Should, mix'd with pity, force a faint esteem :
 Yet will in age that syren charm prevail,
 When cares grow peevish, and when spirits fail ?
 Or must, despis'd, each fool of fortune sigh
 O'er years mispent with retrospective eye,
 Till pomp's last honours load the pageant bier,
 And much solemnity without a tear ?

'Tis yours with judgment nobly to bestow,
 And treasure joys the bounteous only know.
 See, fav'd from sloth by you, with venial pride,
 Laborious Health the stubborn glebe divide ;
 Instructed Want her folded arms unbend,
 And smiling Industry the loom attend.
 Yours too the task to spread indulgent ease,
 Steal cares from wrinkled age, disarm disease ;

Insulted

Insulted worth from proud oppression screen,
 And give neglected Science where to lean.
 Titles, like standard-flags, exalted rise,
 To tell the wretched where Protection lies;
 And he who hears unmov'd Affliction's claim,
 Deserts his duty, and denies his name.

Nor is't enough, tho' to no bounds confin'd,
 Your cares instruct, or bounties bless mankind.
 'Tis yours, my Lord, with various skill to trace,
 By History's clue, the statesman's subtle maze;
 Observe the springs that mov'd each nice machine,
 Not laid too open, and not drawn too thin;
 From Grecian mines bring sterling treasures home,
 And grace your Britain with the spoils of Rome.
 But chief that Britain's gradual rise behold,
 The changing world's reverse, from lead to gold:
 Happy at last, thro' storms in freedom's cause,
 Thro' fierce prerogative, and trampled laws,
 To blend such seeming inconsistent things,
 As strength with ease, and liberty with kings.
 Know too, where Europe's wav'ring fates depend,
 What states can injure, and what states defend,
 Their strength, their arts, their policies your own —
 And then, like PELHAM, make that wisdom known.
 Wake ev'ry latent faculty of soul,
 Teach from your lips the glowing sense to roll,
 Till list'ning senates bless the kind alarm,
 Convinc'd, not dazzled, and with judgment warm.

Superior

Superior talents, on the great bestow'd,
 Are heav'n's peculiar instruments of good :
 Not for the few, who have them, are design'd :
 What flows from heav'n must flow for all mankind,
 Blush then, ye peers, who, niggards of your store,
 Brood o'er the shining heap, not make it more ;
 Or Wilmot like, at some poor fool's expence,
 Squander in wit the sacred funds of sense.
 Wisdom alone is true Ambition's aim,
 Wisdom the source of virtue, and of fame,
 Obtain'd with labour, for mankind employ'd,
 And then, when most you share it, best enjoy'd.

See ! on yon sea-girt isle the goddess stands,
 And calls her vot'rys with applauding hands !
 'They pant, they strain, they glow thro' climes unknown,
 With added strength, and spirits not their own.
 Hark ! what loud shouts each glad arrival hail !
 How full fame's fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale !
 How tempting nod the groves for ever green !
 —“ But tempests roar, and oceans roll between.”—
 Yet see, my Lord, your friends around you brave
 That roaring tempest, and contending wave.
 See——lab'ring thro' the billowy tide !
 See——impatient for the adverse side !
 O much-lov'd youths ! to Britain justly dear,
 Her spring, and promise of a fairer year.
 Success be theirs, whate'er their hopes engage,
 Worth grace their youth, and honours crown their age,

And

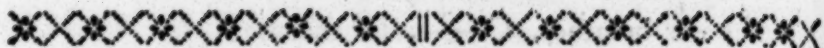
And ev'ry warmest wish sincere, and free,
My soul e'er breathes, O——, for thee!

Hard is your stated task by all allow'd,
And modern greatness rarely bursts the cloud.
Lull'd high in Fortune's silken lap, you feel
No shocks, nor turns of her uncertain wheel:
Amusements dazzle, weak admirers gaze,
And flatt'ry sooths, and indolence betrays.
Yet still, my Lord, on happy peers attends
That noblest privilege, to chuse their friends;
The wise, the good are theirs, their call obey;
If pride refuse not, fortune points the way.
Nor great your toils, on wisdom's seas, compar'd
With theirs who shift the sail, or watch the card.
For you, the sages every depth explore,
For you, the slaves of Science ply the oar;
And Nature's Genii fly with sails unfurl'd,
The DRAKE'S and RALEIGH'S of the mental world.

But stay—too long meer English lays detain
Your light-wing'd thoughts, that rove beyond the main:
No fancy'd voyage there expects the gale,
No allegoric zephyr swells the sail.

—Yet, e'er you go, e'er Gallia's pomp invades
The milder truths of Granta's peaceful shades,
This verse at least be yours, and boldly tell,
That if you fall, not unadvis'd you fell;
But, blest with virtue and with sense adorn'd,
A willing victim of the fools you scorn'd,

THE



THE ENTHUSIAST. AN ODE.

BY THE SAME.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale had drank its fill
Of sunshine and of dews.

In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime,
When Spring gives up the reins of Time
To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know,
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.

'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade,
Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head
I urg'd my devious way,
With loit'ring steps regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.

And

And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud !
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding thro' the deep-green grass
A full-brim'd river flow'd.

I stop, I gaze ; in accents rude,
To thee, sereneest solitude,
Burst forth th' unbidden lay ;
“ Begone, vile world, the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy I despise,
And pity e'en the gay.

These, these are joys alone, I cry ;
'Tis here, divine Philosophy,
Thou deign'st to fix thy throne !
Here Contemplation points the road
Thro' Nature's charms to Nature's God !
These, these are joys alone !

Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes, and human fears,
Ye pleasures and ye pains !”
While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,
A stoic stillness reigns.

The tyrant passions all subside,
Fear, anger, pity, shame and pride
No more my bosom move ;
Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo ! a voice, a voice I hear !
'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear
These monitory strains :
“ What mean'st thou, man ? would'st thou unbind
The ties which constitute thy kind,
The pleasures and the pains ?

The same Almighty Power unseen,
Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
To Contemplation's eye,
Fix'd every movement of the soul,
Taught every wish its destin'd goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe :
Till from dissensions concords rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

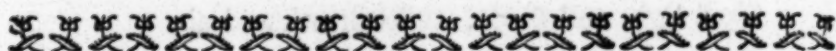
Art thou not man, and dar'st thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind?
Presumptuous thought and vain!
Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak unless employ'd
Some social good to gain.

Shall light and shade, and warmth and air,
With those exalted joys compare,
Which active Virtue feels!
When on she drags, as lawful prize,
Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

As rest to labour still succeeds
To man, whilst Virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day;
This fair variety of things,
Are merely Life's refreshing springs,
To sooth him on his way.

Enthusiast go, unstring thy lyre,
In vain thou sing'st, if none admire,
How sweet so'er the strain.
And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast go, try every sense,
If not thy bliss, thy excellence,
Thou yet hast learn'd to scan ;
At least thy wants, thy weakness know,
And see them all uniting show,
That man was made for man."



COLIN AND NANCY. A BALLAD.

B Y T. P. E S Q.

FOR daring feats of rustic sport,
And carolling his am'rous strains,
In Aram's vale was Colin fam'd
The blytheft shepherd of the plains.

Full oft has Lune restrain'd his rage,
And slowly roll'd his flood along,
As list'ning to the tuneful swain,
To catch the cadence of his song.

Ah ruthless stream of semblance false !
Thy waters murmur'd to betray.
Hyenas thus, by nature fell,
Seem plaintive to allure their prey.

What

What time the flocks were safely penn'd,
 And mild the day's last lustre grew,
 To join the playful village youth,
 Across the plain young Colin flew.

Thrice from a wych elm's wither'd bough
 A raven gave a boding croak ;
 And thrice, in answer, screech'd an owl,
 From the deep hollow of an oak.

Yet all in vain !—The ill-omen'd youth
 On the cliff's summit naked stood,
 The swains attention proudly claim'd,
 Then headlong plung'd into the flood.

Weep every Naiad of the stream !
 Dash'd on a rock, he groaning dy'd,
 And with a luckless lover's blood
 Polluted is your silver tide !—

Soon as the village heard the tale,
 Fast to the river side they fled—
 “ Alas ! alas the day ! ” they cry'd,
 And many a piteous tear they shed.

But Nancy, Doran's daughter fair—
 Her bloom the blush of morn outvies ;
 Her song excels the linnet's lay,
 Like dew-drops glist'ning are her eyes.

When her pale lover she beheld!—
Herself as pale!—in deep despair
And silent woe, her hands she wrung,
And wildly rent her lovely hair.

“ And must we thus—(she, frantic, said)
“ Thus must we solemnize our vows!—
“ Yet shall not death my hopes bereave,
“ For, ev’n in death, I thee espouse!”

Then on his clay-cold corse she fell,
And clasp’d it to her breaking heart,
And dying, sigh’d, “ I now am thine,
My Colin! never more to part!”

Like two young roses on a stem,
Lopt by the pruner’s hook away,
Ere half their lustre was disclos’d,
In with’ring bloom the lovers lay.

One grave receiv’d them; where is found
The primrose and the violet pale:
And long their hapless fate was wept
By ev’ry eye in Aram’s vale.



A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE.

BY THE SAME.

WHAT a change has befallen my grove!
My tears ye bemoan it in vain—
'Twas here that I sung of my love,
While linnets enliven'd the strain.
But now, when I roam thro' its shade
All cheerless; and sadly essay,
To 'plain of a hard-hearted maid;
The songsters are all fled away.

O Nancy, 'twas here you betray'd
The peace of an innocent swain!
Reflecting on all you have said,
My reproaches I cannot restrain—
How could you so artfully praise
The life to the shepherd belongs?
How tell me the thrushes wild lays
Were not sweeter than those of my songs?

A heart from hypocrify free,
 You said, you should ever esteem;
 And tenderly look'd upon me,
 O Nancy, when this was your theme!
 A bosom which friendship inspires,
 Where truth and good-nature unite,
 Each maiden, you told me, admires—
 And I listen'd with fatal delight.

As we sat in the cool poplar shade,
 Attending the nightingale's lay;
 I thought you'd have willingly staid
 To listen a long summer day.—
 When walking the neighbouring mead,
 Where trefoil and pansies abound,
 No perfume, you said, could exceed
 The fragrance wafted around.

You prais'd, as she murmur'd along,
 Askella, whose rill is so clear,
 That gliding the pebbles among,
 Like silver her fishes appear—
 If Happiness was to be found
 Residing with mortals below,
 A spot for her mansion, you own'd,
 Like mine, the wide world could not shew.

Thro'

Thro' hope, big with rapture, I cry'd,
 " My heart, and all these are your own ;"
But, alas ! you my folly deride,
 And far from the village are flown !
O Nancy, as faithless as fair,
 You have ruin'd the peace of my mind :
I now am a prey to despair !
 My hopes are bequeath'd to the wind !

My flocks are dispers'd o'er the plains,
 No longer my comfort or care :
If e'er they repair to my strains,
 I peevishly piping forbear—
The swains, now they see my poor plight,
 No longer with jealousy burn ;
Broken-hearted, I steal from their fight,
 And Phillis exults in her turn.

O Nancy, while thus I complain,
 Does no soft emotion arise ?
Does your bosom a stranger remain
 To Pity, sweet child of the skies ?
Perhaps you but meant to deceive ;
 Perhaps 'tis the way of the town ;
And I was a clown, to believe
 Such a lover you ever could own.

Ye thrushes that build in my bower,
Ye linnets melodious, farewell!
No music possesses the power,
The gloom of despair to dispel.
My fate I no longer deplore!
O Nancy, still lovely and dear!
At length, when the man is no more,
Let his memory hope for a tear!



THE THROSTLE'S ELEGY.

BY THE SAME.

'T WAS from a floe-tree's leafless spray,
Sore pinch'd by Winter's iron reign;
To Famine and Despair a prey;
Poor Tim thus thrill'd his dying strain.

" Ah me, what different days were mine!

" The favourite of a lady's care;

" Sweet as the clusters of the vine,

" And milder than the vernal air.

" Oft has her hand my plumage prest,

" When perch'd upon her filken arm;

" Oft has she sooth'd me on her breast—

" No down was ever half so warm!

" With

- “ With choicest delicacies fed,
“ In unrepining ease I lay ;
“ And all my hours as jocund fled
“ As the light breeze which wakes the day.
- “ Till Liberty her charms display’d,
“ And tempted me to range the grove,
“ To seek some glossy-feather’d maid,
“ And try the fancied sweets of Love,
- “ Too soon, my purpose to pursue,
“ Unmindful of my lady’s pain,
“ With wide-stretch’d wings away I flew
“ O’er many a distant grove and plain.
- “ For soon my rash mistake I found,
“ And wretched, mourn’d my alter’d state—
“ In vain I sought the groves around :
“ No grove contain’d a yielding mate.
- “ Unpractis’d in each useful art,
“ Which ev’ry rival bird possesseth,
“ To win a bashful maiden’s heart,
“ Or feed the young, or form the nest.
- “ No father stamp’d my mind with truth,
“ By cautions sage, or lessons rare :
“ No mother’s precepts form’d my youth
“ To honest Industry or Care.

“ For

“ For while their helpless charge they left,
“ And wander’d provident of food ;
“ A wicked boy their hopes bereft,
“ And bore away their callow brood.—

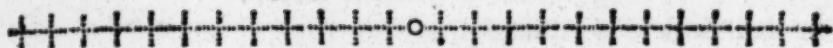
“ In danger long my life remain’d,
“ Subjected to ungentle play :
“ E’re Sylvia’s timely care I gain’d,
“ Who pitying heard my plaintive lay.

✓ “ Then, happiest was I of my kind,
“ Till I my vagrant wish preferr’d—
“ But fate vindictive flew behind,
“ To punish an ungrateful bird.

“ For now in Hunger’s grasp I lie,
“ And Death’s grim banners o’er me wave ;
“ For food, these fruits in vain I try,
“ Alas ! they’re bitter as the grave.—

“ O may the swain, like me, despair,
“ Who fondly fought my lady’s love,
“ If e’er, like me, he leaves the fair,
“ In search of unknown joys to rove.

“ O may he find !”—But here his lay
Unfinish’d, felt Death’s icy hand :
Down dropt his body on the clay,
His spirit fought the Stygian strand.



AN EPISTLE TO A LADY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXVI.

IN THE CHARACTER OF HER HUSBAND.

BY THE SAME.

THINK not I mean thy tendernefs to move,
Or mourn the lofs of a falfe woman's love:
No—may juft Heaven a fortitude inſpire,
Such as my wrongs, ſuch as thy crimes require:
That innocence may not one pang reveal;
That not one murmur from my lips may ſteal,
While I thy ruin in thy baſeneſs ſhow,
And, from thy guilt, foretel thy future woe,
And ſend Reflection to thy cruel heart,
To wake Remorſe, and all its gall impart.

No mother's tears, no father's ſtern command
Prevail'd, to gain me an unwilling hand.
Free was thy choice, when many a rival's plea
Was urg'd in vain, and was deſpis'd for me:
And love thy boaſt, when all thy virgin charms,
With ſweet conſent, were yielded to my arms ;—

Spite

Spite of the wrongs which render me severe,
 The dear Idea will enforce a tear !
 For, oh dire change ! how greatly was I blest,
 When, in thy truth, I every wish possess.
 In those delightful days, thy lovely smile
 Could soften care, and every woe beguile :
 No discontent admission e'er could gain
 Within the province which confess'd thy reign :
 For kindly jealous of thy gentle sway,
 Each bold intruder soon was driv'n away :
 While every virtue was a welcome guest,
 And all was love, and amity, and rest.
 All that adorns and tranquillises life
 I found, blest union ! in a faithful wife ;
 And Heaven was witness to my daily prayer,
 For thee, most soothing, most endearing fair !
 Thou, in thy turn, ungrateful as thou art,
 Must own the kindness of thy husband's heart ;
 I daily fought to make thy joys encrease,
 And ope the paths of pleasantness and peace :
 What could my fortune, or my power obtain,
 For which thou ever mad'st a wish in vain ?
 The European ornaments were thine,
 And gems that glitter from the Indian mine.
 Then, all this tenderness how could'st thou slight !
 Ah ! how my goodness could'st thou so requite ?
 Did ever I by any rude controul,
 Or base distrust, alarm thy gentle soul ?-

Or,

Or, by a jest indelicate or low,
 Create a frown, or cause a blush to glow ?
 Have words, or looks of mine, e'er serv'd to prove
 My heart inclin'd to alter, or to rove ?
 Have I with sullen brow thy mirth destroy'd ?
 Or with insulting smiles thy griefs enjoy'd ?
 Did not my tend'rest care thy health sustain ?
 Did I neglect thee in the hour of pain ?
 When gay, thy chearfulness did I deride ?
 When sick, did ever I forsake thy side ?——
 Yet me thou canst forsake !—From me thou'rt fled,
 To wallow in a rank adult'rous bed ;
 To load, with double infamy, thy life,
 And stigmatise the woman, and the wife ;
 Shaming thy sex, condition, and thy name,
 And treading in the dust thy former fame ;
 Whilst European dames thy birth shall trace,
 And thy dishonour to thy country place :
 And, haply, safe in Reputation's pride,
 Shall o'er thy fall exultingly deride ;
 Shall view thee with a fixt, superior eye,
 And, as from dread infection, from thee fly.
 Thus shunn'd, derided, scorn'd thou'rt doom'd to live,
 For few there are will pity and forgive.

Now, while thy blood rolls in lascivious tides,
 And impious Love o'er all thy soul presides,
 Abandon'd to a gross opprobrious flame,
 Sold to perdition, destitute of shame,

A strampet,

Spite of the wrongs which render me severe,
 The dear Idea will enforce a tear !
 For, oh dire change ! how greatly was I blest,
 When, in thy truth, I every wish possest.
 In those delightful days, thy lovely smile
 Could soften care, and every woe beguile :
 No discontent admission e'er could gain
 Within the province which confess'd thy reign :
 For kindly jealous of thy gentle sway,
 Each bold intruder soon was driv'n away :
 While every virtue was a welcome guest,
 And all was love, and amity, and rest.
 All that adorns and tranquillises life
 I found, blest union ! in a faithful wife ;
 And Heaven was witness to my daily prayer,
 For thee, most soothing, most endearing fair !
 Thou, in thy turn, ungrateful as thou art,
 Must own the kindness of thy husband's heart ;
 I daily sought to make thy joys encrease,
 And ope the paths of pleasantness and peace :
 What could my fortune, or my power obtain,
 For which thou ever mad'st a wish in vain ?
 The European ornaments were thine,
 And gems that glitter from the Indian mine.
 Then, all this tenderness how could'st thou flight !
 Ah ! how my goodness could'st thou so requite ?
 Did ever I by any rude controul,
 Or base distrust, alarm thy gentle soul ?-

Or,

Or, by a jest indelicate or low,
 Create a frown, or cause a blush to glow ?
 Have words, or looks of mine, e'er serv'd to prove
 My heart inclin'd to alter, or to rove ?
 Have I with sullen brow thy mirth destroy'd ?
 Or with insulting smiles thy griefs enjoy'd ?
 Did not my tend'rest care thy health sustain ?
 Did I neglect thee in the hour of pain ?
 When gay, thy chearfulness did I deride ?
 When sick, did ever I forsake thy side ?——
 Yet me thou canst forsake !—From me thou'rt fled,
 To wallow in a rank adult'rous bed ;
 To load, with double infamy, thy life,
 And stigmatise the woman, and the wife ;
 Shaming thy sex, condition, and thy name,
 And treading in the dust thy former fame ;
 Whilst European dames thy birth shall trace,
 And thy dishonour to thy country place :
 And, haply, safe in Reputation's pride,
 Shall o'er thy fall exultingly deride ;
 Shall view thee with a fixt, superior eye,
 And, as from dread infection, from thee fly.
 Thus shunn'd, derided, scorn'd thou'rt doom'd to live,
 For few there are will pity and forgive.

Now, while thy blood rolls in lascivious tides,
 And impious Love o'er all thy soul presides,
 Abandon'd to a gross opprobrious flame,
 Sold to perdition, destitute of shame,

A strumpet,

A strumpet, minist'ring with wild delight
 To the invader of a husband's right,
 Deaf to reproof—thou equally wilt flight,
 The censures of the world, and what I write.
 Yet shall the Muse, fair Truth's approved friend,
 With voice prophetic, here, denounce thy end;
 And these her words—" Ere long will come the time,
 " When the perfidious partner of thy crime,
 " Shall fix his wish upon untasted charms,
 " And quit, with palled appetite, thy arms:
 " Nor may'st thou of his treachery complain,
 " When holiest ties would not thy faith maintain.
 " Then for my wrongs, in part, shalt thou atone,
 " And learn to know my misery by thy own.—
 " Ah, tenfold misery! then must be thy fate!
 " Expos'd to poverty, disease, and hate!
 " To all, awaken'd conscience can impart,
 " Unto a broken and a contrite heart!
 " Each day fresh pains condemn'd to undergo,
 " And drink, each night, the bitter cup of woe.
 " Without one friend to soften thy distress;
 " Without one hope to make thy sufferings less!—
 " The husband, then, to his suspected wife,
 " Shall oft unfold the moral of thy life:
 " And the fond mother, mindful of thy fate,
 " To warn her daughter, shall thy tale relate."

Nay, tho' perhaps, thy yet unfaded bloom
 May still prevail, in thy seducer's room

To fix another lover, and renew
 The course libidinous you now pursue :
 And tho' next him, a numerous train be led,
 Successively, to thy polluted bed,
 Until, at length, thy prostituted name
 Stands foremost on the rolls of public shame.—
 Thy days of infamy shall waste away,
 And time will verify the Muse's lay.

Yet, as the memory of thy former fame,
 Thy chaste endearments, and thy guiltless flame,
 Which all the happiest requisites could raise
 To bless my nights and dignify my days,
 And all my hours in new delight employ,
 No time, no injuries can e'er destroy.—
 I'll then—(but not 'till then)—ill-fated fair !
 Stretch forth my hand and snatch thee from despair :
 Deliver thee from ruthless Want's controul,
 And save (if possible) thy sinking soul !—
 For when an injur'd husband has forgiv'n,
 There's hope for mercy from offended heav'n !
 Since man is not more ready to resent
 Than GOD to pardon—all who shall repent.





O N A V A R O.

B Y T H E S A M E.

HARDLY the gods have dealt with man,
However short the life they gave;
For many a woe has mark'd the span,
And cold's the comfort of the grave.

When ask'd, what lot for man was best,
Silenus sagely made reply:
Not to be born, was the most blest;
The next was, soon as born to die,

Then, who'll not call Avaro wife,
Who yet to LIVE is not begun,
Tho' since his birth, across the skies
The sun has sixty circuits run.

And, on this point we may rely,
He holds so steadily his plan,
If he must LIVE, ere he can die,
Avaro's an immortal man.



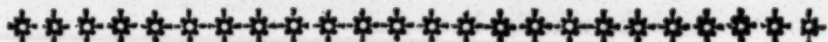
ON A MUSICAL LADY.

AT CALCUTTA IN BENGAL.

BY THE SAME.

IN Indian realms, ye critics say,
Of tuneful souls possést,
Where empty tygers roam for prey,
Whose musick is the best?

The bards, who striking vocal strings,
Made beasts attend his lay?
Or her's, which, when she plays and sings,
Would fright ev'n beasts away?



AN EXPOSTULATION.

BY THE SAME.

O Sir, no more! I'll hear no more!
You urge your suit in vain—
My fond illusive hopes are o'er,
Your base designs too plain.—

Yes, with your faith my love is fled—
This unavailing woe!
These tears involuntar'ly shed!
From indignation flow—

Great were your boast, had artful lies
 Made me a wretch forlorn !
 The maid, whom once you seem'd to prize,
 A mark for public scorn !—

Say, if my captive you were made,
 By love's unerring skill,
 And trembling at my feet were laid,
 Devoted to my will :

Would you, to gratify my pride,
 And prove yourself my slave,
 Set honour, valour, truth aside ?
 A coward ! and a knave !

Enrag'd, say, would you from me fly,
 And scorn to be betray'd ?
 Or should you yield—Then must not I
 Despise the wretch I'd made ?

In justice to yourself, forbear
 To form a base design ;
 And, if YOUR honour you hold dear,
 Pay some respect to MINE.



THE MORNING WALK.

BY THE SAME.

O Quickly leave thy lowly bed,
Melodious messenger of day!
In air thy quiv'ring pinions spread,
And loudly chant thy matin-lay!

And thou, whose voice defends thy dames,
And fills the brood of night with fear,
And every erring ghost reclaims;
With thy shrill clarion pierce my ear!

O beauteous regent of the night,
In haste withdraw thy silver beam!
For see, with gleams of crimson light,
The dawn has ting'd yon eastern stream.

Son of the morn! cerulean fire!
Celestial gem of purest ray!
O bid yon rear of night retire,
And usher in the golden day.

And, swiftly thro' the yielding air,
On silent plumes, ye young hours glide,
And to Aurora's bow'r repair,
To dress her up in purple pride.

See where the springs from Tithon's bed,
Her op'ning eye-lids joy diffuse,
Sweet rosy smiles her cheeks o'erspread,
Her tresses drop with tepid dew.

See, jocund morn her gates unfold ;
All nature gratulates the fight.
And now, too gorgeous to behold,
Proceeds th' imperial lord of light.

O, source of every earthly joy,
Benignly now thy pow'r impart !
Thy milder radiance employ,
Nor thy keen shafts too fiercely dart :

In beamy glory may they glide,
Soft streaming thro' the limpid air ;
For Sylvia comes in beauty's pride—
No bloom hangs on the bough more fair.

O gentle Zephyrus awake !
Why slumber in your balmy bed ;
If I with woodbine, for your sake,
My wavy grove have fragrant made :

Now on my Sylvia's steps attend,
And with her lovely tresses play,
To every charm a freshness lend,
And all her latent bloom display :

And,

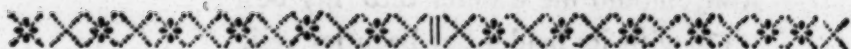
And, should she wander thro' my bow'r,
Or with its shades her beauties veil,
Of all its sweets, rob every flow'r,
And round her waft the spicey gale.

If yon thick hedge-row lend its aid,
To guard your young from school-boy's eye :
If grateful be its summer shade,
Nor food in winter it deny ;

Ye tuneful thrushes, blest my care,
With melody my pains repay,
And emulous to charm the fair,
O wildly, sweetly swell the lay !

And you, who haunt Askella's stream,
O Muse, to whom the lyre belongs ;
Let Sylvia's praises be your theme,
And sooth her with your softest songs.

So shall she hear my amorous tale,
While you all aid the dear design ;
And Love, persuasive Love, prevail,
To make the maid for ever mine.



A N E P I T A P H,

ON A LADY WHO DIED THE 8th OF SEPTEMBER, 1768,
AND IS BURIED AT CALCUTTA IN BENGAL.

BY THE SAME.

MOTHER and daughter ! sister ! friend and wife !
“ Relations dear and charities of life.”

In vain, to plead with ruthless death, you rise ;

A single stroke has broken all your ties !

The purest virtue proves too weak to save,

And piety exempts not from the grave.

Farewel, most lovely and belov'd — Thy doom

How hard ! Thou early tenant of the tomb !

Thy glowing heart “ in cold obstruction laid !”

And thy fine frame, one dismal ruin made !—

O may thy ashes rest uninjur'd here,

And infidels themselves the sacred place revere !

Since all, who lately held thee in esteem,

Will soon thy memory lose in life's vain dream ;

Since those, whom now thy fate o'erwhelms with grief,

From time's assuaging hand shall find relief ;

Since he, forlorn, who pays thee this last debt,

In death, even he, must all thy worth forget :—

To after ages may this humble stone

Make their affections, and thy merits known !—

Yet

Yet e'en this stone, frail record of thy fame;
To blank oblivion must resign thy name;
Thy just reward, 'tis only Heaven can give,
Where saints, like thee, in bliss eternal live.



THE EQUALITY OF MANKIND.

BY MICHAEL WODHULL, ESQ.

THERE was a time, when from those hapless schools,
Where Science droops, and pension'd Litchfield rules,
Inhaling faction, with the Tory race
On Right Divine, Hereditary Grace,
Much did I waver, much did I unite
The names of Patriot, and of Jacobite :
Thanks to my friendly stars those days are o'er,
And now, not meanly pinion'd as before,
Untaught to bend the pliant knee, and join
The slaves, who flock to Grandeur's tinsel shrine,
Kindling at thy perpetual flame the brand
Of honest Satire, with officious hand
To thee, O Truth, I consecrate the blaze ;—
Receive, exalt, invigorate my lays,

The studious Pilgrim, as his bare feet tread
O'er holy Carmel ! with religious dread,

If,

af, sunk in mouldering rubbish, he descries
 Where some old fane, or massive altar lies,
 Kneeling adores it with a stedfast gaze,
 And ruminates the works of mightier days,
 Feasts his rapt soul on pure devotion's fires,
 And slowly from the much-lov'd spot retires.
 Led by dark Legend on from clime to clime
 Amid th' historic ravages of Time,
 Thus the bold Muse asserts her liberal plan
 To mark the genuine privilege of man,
 To prove how Fiction, and how Fact agree,
 That God was just, and all Mankind were free.

From Jura's mount, from those inclement skies,
 (Where pale and wan Helvetia's genius lies,
 His arms revers'd, his shield thrown idly by,
 To note the sad decays of Liberty ;)
 Come, stern Philosophy,—that garb of woe
 Befits thee most, majestically flow
 Thy gait, while rais'd aloof thy red right hand
 Waves in the gale Resentment's flaming brand,
 Such as, from Seine's proud banks when Rousseau fled,
 Thy Vengeance hurl'd at mitred Beaumont's head :
 Beneath thy auspices in Albion's plain,
 While Justice triumphs in a George's reign,
 Alone, yet scorning Caution's coward mask,
 Will I encounter this adventurous task ;
 Tho' far too sanguine to conceal their rage,
 My fees already curse each opening page,

And

And friends, half shrinking at so rude a test,
Glance o'er my title, and forswear the rest.

Back to Creation's infancy, when earth
Few revolutions dated from its birth,
My theme invites :— poor exile doom'd to rove
Far from the sweets of Eden's happy grove
Behold our first progenitor ;—his race
Plung'd in a lineal series of disgrace,
Become a prey from that ill-fated hour
To pain, disease, and death's remorseless power.

Some evils soon attain'd their utmost prime,
To perfect others was a work of time.
Perhaps in those rude ages, when no law
Kept the warm passions of mankind in awe,
Rapine was frequent ; from his neighbour's fold
Some proud Oppressor, of gigantic mold,
His fleecy charge, his only treasure bore,
And left the shepherd weltering in his gore :
Yet then no dire necessity had made
Murder a system, war a needful trade ;
No Frederick, foe to nature and to man,
Justice his pretext, tyranny his plan,
Born every right of nations to betray,
O'er Leipzick's walls had forc'd his desperate way ;
Coarse was their food, their sordid dwelling small,
Such was the lot of one, the lot of all :

In

In some deep vale their shapeless altar stood
 Rais'd with the casual turf, or unhewn wood ;
 Thither, by grateful adoration taught,
 On some choice festival the rustic brought
 A decent offering from his little stock,
 Fruits of the ground, or firstlings of his flock :
 No temple rear'd its fretted roof on high,
 No golden censer's blaze perfum'd the sky,
 No vain High-Priest with surly grandeur trod,
 As if to shame the meanness of his God.

When, like the Titans, earth's rebellious crew,
 To Heaven's high bulwarks rais'd their hostile view,
 In vain, their boastful arrogance to quell,
 Their leaders were dispers'd, their turret fell ;
 On Shinar's plains despotic power unfurl'd
 Her banner, and to vex the groaning world
 From shore to shore the strange contagion ran ;
 Fraternal concord ceas'd, and monarchy began.

Thus while the storms in hollow caverns sleep,
 And scarce a Zephyr fans the quiet deep,
 Suddenly from the rock's impending brow
 A cumbrous fragment on the tide below
 Comes rushing downwards ; boils the vast profound,
 Waves upon waves dash'd on the beach resound.

Detested Hunter ! Nimrod led the way,
 War was his savage pastime, man his prey ;

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For brutal strength by trembling vassals fear'd
 The walls of ancient Babylon he rear'd :
 In his high dome, with crayons rude portray'd,
 The warrior's dread atchievements were display'd ;
 Here pierc'd with darts th' expiring tyger lay,
 There rush'd embattled hosts in firm array ;
 There in his car the thickest ranks he broke,
 And nations yielded to his galling yoke.

Such empire's origin :—with horrid yell
 From the black confines of his native hell
 Emerg'd the Demon of tyrannic pride,
 And Vice came onward with a larger stride :
 Ungrateful were the task, and endless toil
 To trace its progress thro' each distant soil
 Fertile of Tyrants. Craft with Prowess join'd
 Soon tam'd the generous fierceness of mankind.
 Dominion first was gain'd by lawless might ;
 The claim of long Hereditary Right
 Succeeded ; when to varnish o'er each flaw,
 And bow the world with superstitious awe,
 The Priests dress'd up some bugbear of their own,
 Call'd him a King, and plac'd him on a throne ;
 Then caught the weakness of those darker times,
 And dragg'd in Heaven to sanctify his crimes.

Search well its inmost source, and tell whence springs
 This sacred claim of Israel's vaunted Kings :

When

When that audacious crew renounc'd their God,
 Despis'd his mercies, brav'd his heaviest rod;
 And for his patronage too mighty grown,
 Set up a little Idol of their own:
 Say, did their Prophet urge Saul's Right Divine?—
 His incense blaz'd not at so vile a shrine.
 Or did some ill in mystic leaves foretold,
 And chronicled by gravest Seers of old,
 While on delusive hopes they fondly built,
 O'erwhelm them with involuntary guilt?
 No; 'twas their baffled pride, whose last resource
 Dragg'd this perdition on their heads by force.

From that black period each intenser crime,
 That brands with infamy its parent clime,
 Affail'd the palace, overspread the land,
 And in their temple took its guilty stand.

The feat of Chemosh by the purple vine
 Was planted, and at Moloch's brazen shrine,
 As with inhuman zeal the trembling fire
 Consign'd his shrieking infants to the fire,
 While with loud din their hideous cymbals rung,
 His worshippers obscene their uncouth orgies fung.

Belief, in various senses understood,
 Is man's severest curse, or surest good.
 Thus, in the meads where hollow'd Jordan glides,
 Enriching Palestine with copious tides,

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Where springs the branching palm, where streams the oil,
 Where fruitful vineyards bless the peasant's toil;
 Deep in the heart of Siddim's odious vale,
 Impregnating with death each tainted gale,
 The black Asphaltes from its slimy bed
 Sees pitchy clouds, sulphureous vapours, spread.

Let Mecca tell, big with aspiring schemes,
 Seraphic trances, counterfeited dreams.
 How subtle Mahomet, of servile birth,
 Diffus'd his tenets thro' th' astonish'd earth,
 By fire and sword the nations undeceiv'd
 Confess'd their former errors, and believ'd.

In Judah's soil the tree of knowledge grew,
 Whose fruit unsound, yet specious to the view,
 Entrusted to the treacherous Levite's care,
 Fell, ere it ripen'd, in that baleful air;
 Relentless cowards! with a brutal hand
 Urging their fraudulent progress thro' the land,
 O'er Nature's parting agonies they trod,
 And slaughter'd millions in the name of God,
 Each right of arms infringing, nor forbore
 To dip their reeking blades in infant gore;
 Till mighty Conscience, whose prevailing call
 Ope the dread volume of her laws to all,
 Bewail'd them darken'd by so strong a taint,
 That none discern'd the villain from the saint.

Far other fame the Christian doctrine gain'd,
 From Heaven transmitted, and by Heaven maintain'd,
 With scepter'd arrogance to vex the earth,
 Yet most those realms which gave his grandeur birth,
 To make divided Faith and Virtue foes,
 On its firm base no second David rose :
 Yet from this pure and unpolluted source,
 Ere long, the streams in a perverted course
 Ran foul : Fanatics soon began to call
 Merit a sound, Religion all in all ;
 Infuriate Priests the bonds of nature tore,
 And Persecution drench'd the world with gore.
 Arm'd with the Cross, o'er Asia's ravag'd lands,
 See tainted Champions pour their desparate bands,
 A dreaming Hermit leads them, and aloud,
 Preaches Salvation to the frantic croud :
 Zeal whets the poinard, and with ruthless joy
 They come, they sack, they ravish, they destroy.

The Muse rejecting this historic draught,
 With bitter truths, strict testimonies fraught,
 Its civil discords, and religious strife
 O'erlooks, to take a fairer view of life ;
 Borne on the rapid wings of thought she flies,
 Opes new creations, seeks for other skies,
 Revolving all that sportive Ovid told
 Of cloudless suns, of ages wing'd with gold,
 Those ages, when in Peneus' chearful grove
 Man knew no sorrows, no disease but Love ;

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 Vol. 1

When Nature's self was unconstrain'd and young,
And bards rang'd lawless as the Gods they sung.

Ye happier times of Innocence and Truth,
Pleasing instructors of my thoughtless youth,
When none the image of his God bely'd,
No minions crouch'd beneath a Sultan's pride,
No wealth ensnar'd, no poverty distress'd,
No ruffians plunder'd, and no kings oppress'd;
Tho' doom'd to grovel in a baser age,
Will I from Memory's enchanting page
Retrace your scatter'd annals.—When of old
Arcadia's peaceful shepherds uncontroul'd
Their ranging flocks through boundless pastures drove,
Or tun'd their pipes beneath the myrtle grove,
Their laws on brazen tablets unimprest
Were deeply grav'd on each ingenuous breast,
No proud Vicegerent of Astrea reign'd,
Astrea's self her own decrees maintain'd.

Books, useless lumber, yet in embryo slept,
No Damon rav'd in rhyme, no Delia wept;
Nor had, nor needed they the casuist's page,
Plain were the duties of that simpler age:
For Nature, best of mothers, pleas'd to teach
Virtues no modern theorist can reach;
With characters indelible, on high
Blazon'd her system of Equality.

Vol. IV.

T

Alas!

Alas! how gladly would Illusion's beam
 For ever vibrate on this glittering theme:
 Here let me finish; nor, my soul to wring,
 From Fable's sweets proceed to Fable's sting:
 I must;—these fairy dreams have had their space,
 And now the dreadful sequel claims a place.
 Like the presumptuous mariner, whose sails,
 Wafted from port with soft Etesian gales,
 Urge his o'erweening eagerness to brave
 Without a pilot the perfidious wave,
 Soon o'er whose bark th' impetuous tempests sweep,
 And bury all his fortunes in the deep:
 Seduc'd by Fancy's charms, amidst a grove
 Of pleasing errors have I dar'd to rove,
 Till, half-desponding, comfortless, aghast,
 I but survey bright Freedom's form at last,
 To see her perish by as sure a wound
 Mid these enchantments, as on vulgar ground.

Fond Epimetheus! when thy luckless hand
 Scatter'd Pandora's curses o'er the land,
 Forth from the casket glittering to the view
 Scepters, and crowns, delusive trumpery, flew;
 Man ey'd the bait, and with an idiot joy
 Eagerly rush'd to snatch the gilded toy:
 Freedom thenceforth, and Peace, and Justice fled,
 Infernal Discord rear'd her snaky head,
 From blackest Erebus, whose scorpions hurl'd
 By dread Oppression curb'd a wretched world;

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Too late remorse congeal'd each guilty soul,
And fork'y lightnings flash'd from pole to pole.

Where-e'er we search the vast instructive page
Of Fact, or Fiction, we in every age
See Saints impal'd and tortur'd at the stake
Thro' fervent Zeal, and for Religion's sake ;
Murders and forceries, and men, whose heart
Ne'er prompted one humane, one generous part,
While some vain mortal, arbiter of ill,
Govern'd the rest, at whose imperious will
Millions of slaughter'd heroes bit the dust
To sooth a Tyrant's pride, a Strumpet's lust ;
Till loathing both the present and the past,
We learn this melancholy truth at last ;
" On Life's rough sea by stormy passions tost,
" Freedom and Virtue were together lost."

Shame on our vaunted reason, when we find
No creature else so senseless and so blind ;
The Brutes indeed to force superior yield,
And leave the strongest master of the field,
Yet this imperial claim to none descends,
With the possessor's strength his title ends ;
Nor, if their enterprizing Leader calls,
Do they forsake their well-replenish'd stalls,
And with heroic frenzy risk their life,
Fomenting some unnecessary strife.
Unfall'n, and uncorrupted, they fulfil
Their Nature's end, their mighty Maker's will :

Stoop then, ye sons of Reason, stoop, and own
The veriest beast more worthy of a throne.

The Chain, whose two extremities unite,
Presenting still a middle to our sight,
Where link by link in fruitless search we tend,
Yet find not a beginning, or an end,
Talk as we please, dissemble how we can,
Presents a just similitude of man ;
Who, in each state of life constrain'd to own
A strict dependence, useless when alone,
Cleaves, tho' a monarch, to his native dung,
And venerates the soil from whence he sprung.

View first the Slave, whom his unhappy fate
In galling fetters to some foreign state
Tears from his dearest home ; there basely sold
By those who truck humanity for gold,
Abus'd, neglected, sinking with distress,
When all is dark, and Hope alone can bless ;
Ev'n then thro' Life's dim curtain he descries
Some happier regions, and serener skies,
Where Commerce never rears her impious head,
No Fiends approach, no Missionaries tread.

Next him the peasant, whose incessant toil,
Hardly requited, tills the rugged soil,
Press'd by the barbarous insults of the great,
The foolish prodigality of state :

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Yet his low couch no thorny cares molest,
His even spirits yield unbroken rest.

Those restless Beings next in order place,
Whose motley stations wear a doubtful face,
Who dragg'd by Fortune into Middle Life,
That vortex of malevolence and strife,
Envyng the great, and scoffing at the mean,
Or swol'n with pride, or wasted with chagrin,
Like Mahomet's unsettled ashes, dwell,
Midway suspended, between Heaven and Hell.

Clad with those Titles ancient Justice gave
To grace the wise, the generous, and the brave.
O'er these ascend the Sycophants of Power,
Their master's tools, the minions of an hour.

Last of the group, to close this irksome scene,
Childishly great, and eminently mean,
Behold the Monarch, whose exalted throne,
Dupes to their fear, his Eastern Vassals own;
When by the toil, which earns the hind's hard bread,
His splendor is maintain'd, his lux'ry fed;
Is not a wretch like this, to either side
Of Life's perverse extremities ally'd?
Here to its source the line revolving tends,
Here close the points, and here the circle ends.

When lust, when rapine, when ungovern'd rage
Strongly characteris'd the iron age,

Law soon became a necessary ill,
 Vice edg'd the sword, and gave it force to kill ;
 Monarchs, we see, were then at first design'd
 A general good, a blessing unconfined ;
 For public welfare, not for private ends,
 From sire to son the regal crown descends.
 When Kings support afflicted Virtue's cause,
 Curb potent Vice, and vindicate the laws,
 Our high respect deservedly they share,
 Not for themselves, but for the trust they bear.

As on the slippery pinnacle they stand
 Of brittle grandeur, with rapacious hand
 If they assume unlimited domain,
 And madly govern with perverted rein
 The vast Machine of Empire ; to the skies
 Ascend the widow's tears, the orphan's cries ;
 A Cato's spirit, or a Cicero's tongue
 With keen resentment animates the throng :
 Some Hampden hears his gasping country's groan,
 And in just vengeance shakes a guilty throne.

Should inauspicious Fortune tear away
 From Virtue's grasp the triumphs of a day,
 Should Tyranny, by long success grown great,
 Crush the defenceless victims of her hate,
 Grim Superstition, with an haggard eye,
 Points to the spoils, and rears her torch on high,
 From regal conquest her own inference draws,
 And blends with that of Heaven its dearer cause.

Blind

Blind to the treacherous snare, when fate decreed
 That Troy should perish by the wooden steed ;
 The rest stood fix'd with hesitating fear,
 While bold Laocoon hurl'd his forceful spear
 Against the monster, from whose knotty side
 Resounding arms, and Grecian shrieks replied :
 Stung by a snake the pious Priest expir'd,
 While Folly gaz'd, and Ignorance admir'd ;
 This moral curb'd th' infatuated crew—
 “ The sacrilegious wretch Minerva slew.”

When virtuous ^a Greville thus in civil strife
 Crown'd with that honest prayer his closing life ;
 Can we unmov'd with indignation bear
 To see grave Clarendon, whose stile, whose air,
 'Twixt tortur'd facts, and scripture-phrases quaint,
 Shews half the royalist, and half the faint,
 Stamp on his ashes with a dotard's pride,
 And execrate the cause for which he died ?

Ye fields of Naseby, where the thundering hand
 Of Freedom greatly prosper'd ! where that band
 Of hardy Patriots resolutely bore,
 Thro' storms of horror, and thro' seas of gore,
 Their country's charter, snatch'd in happiest hour
 From Sacerdotal wrath, and Kingly power :
 Oft as your towers, on which dread Vengeance wrote
 Strong characters, and blasted where she smote,

^a Lord Brooke, see Clarendon's History.

In youth's gay season fix'd my roving eye,
 How did I hail that scene of victory!
 Ev'n now methinks I see brave Fairfax tread
 Th' ensanguin'd plain ;—to grace the warrior's head
 From Fame's unsullied grove let Virtue bring
 Those laurels green with everlasting spring :
 Illustrious mead, too oft profusely strewn
 To deck the precincts of Ambition's throne,
 To crown some proud Infringer of the laws :
 But due to vengeance, due to Britain's cause.

Nor, tho' the Muse forlorn and helpless stray
 O'er thy bare coast, nor glean one fragrant bay,
 Bleak Caledonia, shalt thou pass unsung,
 For Freedom on thy hills her arm new-strung :
 When thy firm sons, who lov'd the public weal,
 Or inly burn'd to see tyrannic Zeal
 Against their altars lift an impious hand,
 And threat th' accustom'd worship of the land,
 From their huge cliffs descending like a flood,
 Stood forth, prepar'd to seal their faith with blood ;
 At their approach while perjur'd Holland fled,
 False to his Master's cause, his Master's bed ;
 And Hierarchy, that fiend, whom Scripture paints
 Drunk with the blood of Martyrs and of Saints,
 Consign'd by Fate in penal chains to dwell,
 Slunk unregarded to her native hell.

Curse on the shouts of that licentious Throng,
 Whose merriment (more brutal than the song

Of

Of mad Agaye, when wild Hæmus o'er
 Her Pentheus' mangled limbs the mother bore ;)
 Proclaims the fall of Liberty :—ye shades
 Of mighty Chiefs, from your Elysian glades
 Look down benign, avert the dire presage,
 Nor with two Charles's brand one sinful age.
 O, my poor country ! what capricious tide
 Of Fortune swells the Tyrant's motley pride !
 Around his brows yon servile Prelates twine
 The stale and blasted wreath of Right Divine ;
 While Harlots, like the Coan Venus fair,
 Move their light feet to each lascivious air.

Hence with your orgies !—righteous Heaven ordains
 A purer worship, less audacious strains.
 When falls by William's sword (as soon it must)
 This Edifice of bigotry and lust,
 The Muse shall start from her inglorious trance,
 And give to Satire's grasp her vengeful lance,
 At Truth's historic shrine shall victims smoke,
 And a fresh Stuart bleed at every stroke ;
 Thine too, perfidious Albemarle (whose steel,
 Drawn to protect, embroil'd Britannia's weal,
 Shrunk from thy coward arm, consign'd the reins
 Of power to Charles, and forg'd a nation's chains)
 Compar'd with nobler villainies of old,
 High deeds, on plates of adamant enroll'd,
 Shall meet the felon's undistinguish'd fate,
 Sure of contempt, unworthy of our hate.

Once

Once more emerging from this baleful reign
 Of Stuart Kings, and from the Pontiff's chain,
 By Boyne's swift current Freedom rear'd her head,
 When from those banks the Papal Tyrant fled;
 Then every vale with Io Pæans rung
 As the glad reaper at his harvest sung,
 Thee, great Nassau, benevolently brave,
 Equally born to conquer, and to save,
 When Glory's founding trump to Gallia's shore,
 Th' exulting shouts of British Freedom bore,
 Dismay'd she saw the kindling ardor burn,
 And Seine hung trembling o'er her wasted urn.

Warm with the same benevolence of mind,
 Friends to the native rights of human kind,
 Succeeding Kings extend the generous plan,
 And Brunswick perfects what Nassau began.
 Thrice happy Albion! in whose favour'd land
 Impartial Justice with a steady hand
 Poises the scales of empire; where the names
 Of servile tenure, and the feudal claims
 Of Norman Peers in musty tomes decay,
 Swept by obliterating years away.

But if in Faction's loud and empty strain
 Yon frontless rabble vex a gentle reign,
 In Peace itself ideal dangers find,
 Provoke new wars, and challenge half mankind;
 What tho' another Tully at their head
 From breast to breast the rank contagion spread:

Say,

Say, what are we? some pension'd Patriot's tools,
Meer artless, unsuspecting, British fools.

Born in a changeful clime, beneath a sky
Whence storms descend, and hovering vapours fly,
Stung with the fever, tortur'd with the spleen,
Boisterously merry, churlishly serene,
By each vague blast dejected or elate,
Dupes in their love, immoderate in their hate,
With strange formality, or bearish ease,
Then most disgusting, when they strive to please,
No happy mean the sons of Albion know,
Their wavering tempers ever ebb and flow,
Rank contraries, in nothing they agree;
Untaught to serve, unable to be free.

While parties rage, O Truth with honest zeal
To thee, protectress of my lays, I kneel;
O deign to shew me in their real light,
Stript of that glare which cheats the dazzled sight,
The Chiefs, whose blazon'd deeds and founding worth
Usurp a sphere above the sons of earth;
Ope dark Futurity's instructive womb,
Conduct me to the mansions of the tomb,
Where titles cease, where worldly pomp is o'er,
Mute are the Nine, and Flattery soothes no more:
So may I take a more impartial view,
Forget the rank, and give the man his due.

Yet

Yet what regards it or the world, or me,
 How Fame awards her posthumous decree,
 If man, unconscious of her loudest breath,
 Sleep a cold tenant of the vale of death?
 Let the delirious Siamois compute
 How Sommonokodon his worship'd brute,
 Thro' being's long progressive stages trod,
 Began an Ox, and ended in a God.
 Our fleeting souls let the weak ^b Samian trace
 In birds, in beasts, and all the finny race;
 These baseless structures, fictions light and vain,
 Coin'd in the foldings of an idle brain,
 To their absurd inventors I resign,
 They are not in the Church's creed, or mine.

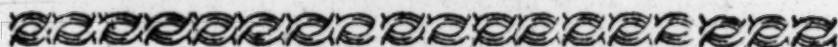
But shall the Peasant from his turf-bound grave
 Or rise no more, or wake again a Slave?
 And shall the Monarch in a future state,
 With the same visionary pomp elate,
 Resume the trappings of his lost command,
 And wield a mimic scepter in his hand?

Tho' gloomy Bigots paint a partial God,
 Bare his red arm, and lift his scorpion rod;
 Tho' on a text perverting Zealots dwell,
 Till Scripture suits the purposes of hell;
 'Think for thyself;—suppose life's voyage o'er;
 'Think for thyself, and envy Kings no more:

^b Pythagoras.

Resign'd

Resign'd and calm await that awful hour
That crisis of all sublunary power,
When wreaths of glory shall adorn the Just,
And Empire's proud Colossus sink to dust.



L O V E E L E G I E S.

B Y ———.

E L E G Y I.

'TIS night, dead night ; and o'er the plain
Darkness extends her ebon ray,
While wide along the gloomy scene
Deep Silence holds her solemn sway :

Throughout the earth no chearful beam
The melancholic eye surveys,
Save where the worm's fantastic gleam
The 'nighted traveller betrays :

The savage race (so Heaven decrees)
No longer thro' the forest rove ;
All nature rests, and not a breeze
Disturbs the stillness of the grove :

All

All nature rests ; in Sleep's soft arms
The village swain forgets his care :
Sleep, that the sting of Sorrow charms,
And heals all sadness but Despair :

Despair alone her power denies,
And when the sun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach distracted flies,
Or cheerless thro' the desert strays ;

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
While fearful echoes burst around,
On some cold stone he leans his head,
Or throws his body on the ground.

To some such drear and solemn scene,
Some friendly power direct my way,
Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,
Sad luxury ! delight to stray.

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom,
And bid the busy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me,
Nor can life now one pleasure boast,
Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
My wish, my hope, my all, is lost ;

Since

Since she, so form'd to please and blest,
So wise, so innocent, so fair,
Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,
And brighten'd all the gloom of care.

Since she is lost,—Ye powers divine,
What have I done, or thought, or said,
O say, what horrid act of mine
Has drawn this vengeance on my head?

Why should Heaven favour Lycón's claim?
Why are my heart's best wishes crost?
What fairer deeds adorn his name?
What nobler merit can he boast?

What higher worth in him was found
My true heart's service to outweigh?
A senseless fop!—A dull compound
Of scarcely animated clay!

He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,
And charm'd her by repeating o'er
Unmeaning raptures in her praise,
That twenty fools had said before:

But I, alas! who thought all art
My passion's force would meanly prove,
Could only boast an honest heart,
And claim'd no merit but my love,

Have

Have I not fate—Ye conscious hours
Be witness—while my Stella sung,
From morn to eve, with all my powers
Rapt in th' enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conscious hours, that saw me stand
Entranc'd in wonder and surprise,
In silent rapture press her hand,
With passion bursting from my eyes,

Have I not lov'd—O earth and heaven!
Where now is all my youthful boast?
The dear exchange I hop'd was given
For slighted fame and fortune lost!

Where now the joys that once were mine?
Where all my hopes of future bliss?
Must I those joys, these hopes resign?
Is all her friendship come to this?

Must then each woman faithless prove,
And each fond lover be undone?
Are vows no more!—Almighty Love!
The sad remembrance let me shun!

It will not be—My honest heart
The dear sad image still retains;
And, spite of reason, spite of art,
The dreadful memory remains.

Ye powers divine, whose wond'rous skill
Deep in the womb of time can see,
Behold, I bend me to your will,
Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,
With all your bounty has in store;
Let sorrow cloud my future days,
Be Stella blest!—I ask no more.

But lo! where, high in yonder cast,
The star of morning mounts apace!
Hence!—let me fly th' unwelcome guest,
And bid the Muse's labour cease.



E L E G Y II.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN, young, life's journey I began,
The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,
I saw along th' extended plan
Joy after joy successive rise:

And Fame her golden trumpet blew ;
And Power display'd her gorgeous charms ;
And Wealth engag'd my wandering view ;
And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms :

To each by turns my vows I paid,
As Folly led me to admire ;
While Fancy magnified each shade,
And Hope increas'd each fond desire :

But soon I found 'twas all a dream ;
And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
And thousands daily are undone :

And Fame, I found, was empty air ;
And Wealth had Terror for her guest ;
And Pleasure's path was strewn with Care ;
And Power was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er ;
And, in a far sequester'd shade,
To Contemplation's sober power
My youth's next services I paid.

There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene ;
And oft, indulgent to my prayer,
With mirthful eye and frolic mien,
The Muse would deign to visit there :

There

There would she oft delighted rove
The flower-enamel'd vale along ;
Or wander with me thro' the grove,
And listen to the woodlark's song ;

Or, 'mid the forest's awful gloom,
Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
Recall past ages from the tomb,
And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,
One wish alone my soul could frame,
And Heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,
A friend, and Thyrsis was his name.

For manly constancy, and truth,
And worth, unconscious of a stain,
He bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth,
The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew ;
No cares did then my peace destroy ;
Time brought new blessings as he flew,
And every hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,
Soon did the sad reverse appear ;
Love came, like an untimely frost,
To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young Daphne's ange!-form,
(Fool that I was, I blest'd the smart)
And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
The dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was—at least in Damon's eyes—
Made up of loveliness and grace,
Her heart a stranger to disguise,
Her mind as perfect as her face ;

To hear her speak, to see her move,
(Unhappy I, alas ! the while)
Her voice was joy, her look was love,
And Heaven was open'd in her smile !

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,
She listen'd to the tender strain,
She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,
And seem'd at length to share my pain :

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth !
(How soon, alas, can Hope persuade !)
Thought all she said no more than truth,
And all my love was well repaid.

In joys, unknown to courts or kings,
With her I sat the live-long day,
And said and look'd such tender things,
As none beside could look or say !

How

How soon can Fortune shift the scene,
 And all our earthly bliss destroy ?
 Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
 Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,
 My soul's chief blessing, and my pride,
 In one sad moment all were lost,
 And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died.

O who, that heard her vows ere-while,
 Could dream these vows were insincere ?
 Or who could think, that saw her smile,
 That fraud could find admittance there ?

Yet she was false—my heart will break !
 Her frauds, her perjuries were such—
 Some other tongue than mine must speak—
 I have not power to say how much !

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
 O shun her paths, the traitress shun !
 Her voice is death, her smile is fate,
 Who hears, or sees her, is undone.

And, when Death's hand shall close my eye,
 (For soon, I know, the day will come)
 O cheer my spirit with a sigh,
 And grave these lines upon my tomb !

THE EPITAPH.

Consign'd to dust, beneath this stone,
 In manhood's prime is Damon laid;
 Joyless he liv'd, and dy'd unknown
 In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain—
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on;
 He saw young Daphne on the plain;
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,
 (Sad meed of unexampled truth)
 And sorrow, like an envious worm,
 Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid—
 O greet his ashes with a tear!
 May Heaven with blessings crown his shade,
 And grant that peace he wanted here!





AN INSCRIPTION

WRITTEN UPON ONE OF THE ^c TUBS IN HAM-WALKS,
SEPTEMBER, 1760.

BY THE SAME.

DARK was the sky with many a cloud,
The fearful lightnings flash'd around,
Low to the blast the forest bow'd,
And bellowing thunders rock'd the ground ;

Fast fell the rains upon my head,
And weak and weary were my feet,
When lo ! this hospitable shed
At length supply'd a kind retreat.

That in fair memory's faithful page
The bard's escape may flourish long,
Yet shuddering from the tempest's rage,
He dedicates the votive song.

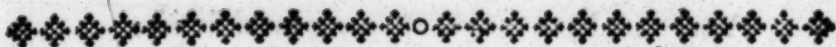
^c Two seats in Ham-walks, called Tubs, from their form, which resembles an hoghead split in two.

For ever sacred be the earth
 From whence the tree its vigour drew !
 The hour that gave the seedling birth !
 The forest where the scyon grew !

Long honour'd may his ashes rest,
 Who first the tender shoot did rear !
 Blest be his name !—But doubly blest
 The friendly hand that plac'd it here !

O ne'er may war, or wind, or wave,
 This pleasurable scene deform,
 But time still spare the seat, which gave
 The poet shelter from the storm !





V E R S E S

WRITTEN UPON A PEDESTAL BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS
IN A MEADOW NEAR RICHMOND FERRY, BELONGING
TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ. SEPTEMBER
1760.

BY THE SAME.

^d YE green-hair'd nymphs, whom Pan allows
To guard from harm these favour'd boughs;
Ye blue-ey'd Naiads of the stream,
That soothe the warm poetic dream;
Ye elves and sprights, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic measures uncontroll'd,
Your fairy sports and revels hold,
And up and down, where-e'er ye pass,
With many a ringlet print the grass;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour;

^d The first line of this little piece is borrowed from an Ode of Mr.
Mason's, published in Doddsley's Miscellanies.

If e'er by moon-light on the plain
 Your ears have caught th' enraptur'd strain ;
 From every flow'ret's velvet head,
 From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
 From these moss'd elms, where, prison'd deep,
 Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
 If these your haunts be worth your care,
 Awake, arise, and hear my prayer !

O banish from this peaceful plain
 The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,
 The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow
 And harsh rejects the honest vow :
 The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
 With aught that sense would blush to hear,
 Or, false to honour, mean and vain,
 Defames the worth he cannot stain :
 The light coquet, with various art,
 Who casts her net for every heart,
 And smiling flatters to the chace
 Alike the worthy and the base :
 The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
 Is happy if a sister strays,
 And, conscious of unclouded fame,
 Delighted, spreads the tale of shame :
 But far, O ! banish'd far be they,
 Who hear unmov'd the orphan's cry,
 Who see, nor wish to wipe away
 The tear that swells the widow's eye ;

Th' un-

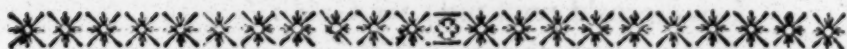
Th' unloving man, whose narrow mind
 Disdains to feel for human-kind,
 At others' bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,
 Whose breast ne'er throbs with others' woes,
 Whose hoarded sum of private joys
 His private care alone destroys;
 Ye fairies cast your spells around,
 And guard from such this hallow'd ground!

But welcome all, who sigh with truth,
 Each constant maid and faithful youth,
 Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
 Sweet union of the willing mind!
 Hearts pair'd in Heaven, not meanly fold,
 Law-licens'd prostitutes for Gold:
 And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
 The chosen few, the worthy train,
 Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
 Still tread where virtue marks the way;
 Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
 No deed, which honour might not own;
 Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,
 In others' bliss can claim a part,
 And, in life's brightest hour, can share
 Each pang that wrings another's heart:
 Ye guardian spirits, when such ye see,
 Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free!
 Clear be the sky from clouds or showers!
 Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers!

And

And that the youth, whose pious care
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
May, with the rest, admittance gain,
And visit oft this pleasant scene,
Let all who love the Muse attend :
Who loves the Muse is Virtue's friend !

Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear ;
Whose wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race ;
Whom Virtue and her friends approve ;
Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.



THE RECANTATION.

A N O D E.

B Y T H E S A M E.

BY Love too long depriv'd of rest,
(Fell tyrant of the human breast !)
His vassal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant late I spurn'd the chain ;
In verse, in prose, I sung and swore,
No charms should e'er enslave me more,

Nor

Nor neck, nor air, nor lip, nor eye,
Again should force one tender sigh.

As, taught by Heaven's informing power,
From every fruit and every flower,
That nature opens to the view,
The bee extracts the nectar-dew;
A vagrant thus, and free to change,
From fair to fair I vow'd to range,
And part from each without regret
As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then Freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
With Freedom's praise the vallies rung,
And every night, and every day
My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay;
" My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
" My breast regains its wonted peace,
" And Joy and Hope returning prove,
" That Reason is too strong for Love."

Such was my boast—but, ah! how vain!
How short was Reason's vaunted reign!
The firm resolve I form'd ere-while,
How weak, oppos'd to Clara's smile!
Chang'd is the strain—The vallies round
With Freedom's praise no more resound,
But every night and every day
My full heart pour'd the alter'd lay.

Offended

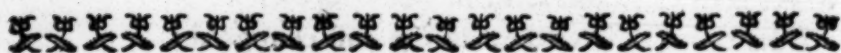
Offended deity, whose power
 My rebel tongue but now forswore,
 Accept my penitence sincere,
 My crime forgive, and grant my prayer!
 Let not thy slave, condemn'd to mourn,
 With unrequited passion burn;
 With Love's soft thoughts her breast inspire,
 And kindle there an equal fire!

It is not beauty's gaudy flower,
 (The empty triumph of an hour)
 Nor practis'd wiles of female art,
 That now subdue my destin'd heart:
 O no!—'Tis Heaven, whose wond'rous hand
 A transcript of itself hath plann'd,
 And to each outward grace hath join'd
 Each lovelier feature of the mind.

These charms shall last, when others fly,
 When roses fade, and lilies die;
 When that dear eye's declining beam
 Its living fire no more shall stream:
 Blest then, and happy in my chain,
 The song of Freedom flows in vain;
 Nor Reason's harsh reproof I fear,
 For Reason's self is Passion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
 My daily thought, my nightly dream,

If yet no youth's successful art
 (Sweet Hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,
 If yet no swain hath blest thy choice,
 Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice ;
 From doubts, from fears his bosom free,
 And bid him live—for Love and Thee !



A M I N T A.

A N E L E G Y.

B Y M R. G E R R A R D.

AN o'ergrown wood my wandering steps invade,
 With surface mantled in untrodden snow ;
 Dire haunt, for none but savage monsters made,
 Where frosts descend, and howling tempests blow.

Here, from the search of busy mortals stray'd,
 My woe-worn soul shall hug her galling chain :
 For sure, no forest boasts too deep a shade,
 No haunt too wild for misery to remain.

O my

O my Aminta! dear distracting name!
 Late all my comfort, all my fond delight;
 Still writhes my soul beneath its torturing flame,
 Still thy pale image fills my aching sight!

When shall vain memory slumber o'er her woes;
 When to oblivion be her tale resign'd?
 When shall this fatal form in death repose,
 Like thine, fair victim, to the dust consign'd?

Again the accents falter on my tongue;
 Again to tear the conscious tear succeeds;
 From sharp reflection is the dagger sprung,
 And Nature, wounded to the center, bleeds.

Ye bitter skies! upon the tale descend—
 Ye blasts, tho' rude your visits, lend an ear—
 Around, ye gentler oaks, your branches bend,
 And, as ye listen, drop an icy tear.

'Twas when the step with conscious pleasure roves,
 Where round the shades the circling woodbines throng;
 When Flora wantons o'er th' enamell'd groves,
 And feather'd choirs indulge the amorous song.

Inspir'd by duteous love, I fondly stray'd,
 Two milk-white doves officious to ensnare:
 Beneath a silent thicket as they play'd,
 A grateful present for my softer fair.

But

But ah ! in smiles no more they met my sight,
Their ruffled heads lay gasping on the ground :
Where (my dire emblem) a rapacious Kite
Tore their soft limbs, and strew'd their plumes around.

The tear of pity stole into my eye ;
While ruder passions in their turn succeed ;
Forbid the victims unreveng'd to die,
And doom the author of their wrongs to bleed.

With hasty step, enrag'd, I homewards ran,
(Curse on my speed !) th' unerring tube I brought ;
That fatal hour my date of woe began,
Too sharp to tell—too horrible for thought—

Disast'rous deed !—irrevocable ill !—
How shall I tell the anguish of my Fate !
Teach me, remorseless monsters, not to feel,
Instruct me, fiends and furies, to relate !

Wrathful behind the guilty shade I stole,
I rais'd the tube—the clamorous woods resound—
Too late I saw the idol of my foul,
Struck by my aim, fall shrieking to the ground !

No other bliss her soul allow'd but me ;
(Hapless the pair that thus indulgent prove)
She sought concealment from a shady tree,
In amorous silence to observe her love.

I ran—but O ! too soon I found it true !—
From her stain'd breast life's crimson stream'd apace—
From her wan eyes the sparkling lustres flew—
The short-liv'd roses faded from her face !

Gods !—could I bear that fond reproachful look,
That strove her peerless innocence to plead !—
But partial death awhile her tongue forsook,
To save a wretch that doom'd himself to bleed.

While I distracted press'd her in my arms,
And fondly strove t' imbibe her latest breath ;
“ O spare, rash love, she cry'd, thy fatal charms,
“ Nor seek cold shelter in the arms of death.

“ Content beneath thy erring hand I die.
“ Our fates grew envious of a bliss so true ;
“ Then urge not thy distress when low I lie,
“ But in this breath receive my last adieu !”—

No more she spake, but droop'd her lily head !
In death she sicken'd—breathless—haggard—pale—
While all my inmost soul with horror bled,
And ask'd kind vengeance from the passing gale.

Where slept your bolts, ye lingering lightnings say ?
Why riv'd ye not this self-condemned breast ?
Or why, too passive Earth, didst thou delay,
To stretch thy jaws, and crush me into rest ?——

Low in the dust the beauteous corse I plac'd,
Bedew'd and soft with many a falling tear ;
With sable yew the rising turf I grac'd,
And bade the cypress mourn in silence near.

Oft as bright morn's all-searching eye returns,
Full to my view the fatal spot is brought ;
Thro' sleepless night my haunted spirit mourns,
No gloom can hide me from distracting thought,

When, spotless victim, shall my form decay ?
This guilty load, say, when shall I resign ?
When shall my spirit wing her chearless way,
And my cold corse lie treasur'd up with thine ?





PETHERTON-BRIDGE.

AN ELEGY.*

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. MR. BEAN, OF STOKE-SUB-
HAMDON, SOMERSET.

BY THE SAME.

O Bean ! whose fond connubial days
A beauteous infant-race attend ;
Say, wilt thou once more aid my lays,
And join the patron to the friend ?

But not o'er bright Aonian plains,
Enraptur'd as we us'd to roam :
The Muse each joyous thought restrains,
And calls her wing'd ideas home.

* Tradition holds, that the catastrophe alluded to in this elegy happened about two centuries ago ; of which the sculpture is yet to be seen at the above-mentioned bridge, near South-Petherton, Somerset.

The

The wedded pair for children pray ;
They come—fair blessings from the skies:
What rapture gild the halcyon day !
What joys in distant azure rise !

But ah ! enamour'd as they view
The smiling, hopeful, infant-train,
Unseen, misfortune marks his due,
Unheard, he threatens the heart with pain.

Had sad disaster ne'er ensnar'd
The soft, the innocent, and young,
The tender Muse had gladly spar'd
The little heroes of her song.

See'st thou the limpid current glide
Beneath yon bridge, my hapless theme,
Where brambles fringe its verdant side,
And willows tremble o'er the stream ?

From Petherton it takes its name,
From whence two smiling infants stray'd :
Led by the stream they hither came,
And on the flowery margin play'd.

Sweet victims ! must your short-liv'd day
So soon extinguish in the wave ;
And point the setting sun his way,
That glimmer'd o'er your wat'ry grave !

As each by childish fancy led,
 Cropt the broad daises as they sprung;
 Lay stretch'd along the verdant bed,
 And sweetly ply'd the lisping tongue;

Lo! from the spray-deserted steep,
 Where either way the twigs divide,
 The one roll'd headlong to the deep,
 And plung'd beneath the closing tide.

The other saw, and from the land,
 (While nature imag'd strange distress)
 Stretch'd o'er the brink his little hand,
 The fruitless signal of redress.

The offer'd pledge, without delay,
 The struggling victim rose and caught;
 But ah! in vain—their fatal way,
 They both descended swift as thought.

Short was the wave-oppressing space;
 Convuls'd with pains too sharp to bear,
 Their lives dissolv'd in one embrace;
 Their mingled souls flew up in air.

Lo! there yon time-worn sculpture shews
 The sad, the melancholy truth;
 What pangs the tortur'd parent knows,
 What snares await defenceless youth.

Here,

Here, not to sympathy unknown,
Full oft the sad Muse wandering near,
Bends silent o'er the mossy stone,
And wets it with a willing tear.



A N E P I S T L E

FROM AN UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN TO A YOUNG
LADY ^d.

B Y T H E S A M E,

THESE, the last lines my trembling hand can write,
These words, the last my dying lips recite,
Read, and repent that your unkindness gave
A wretched lover an untimely grave!
Sunk by despair from life's enchanting view,
Lost, ever lost to happiness and you!—
No more these eye-lids shower incessant tears,
No more my spirit sinks with boding fears;
No more your frowns my suing passion meet,
No more I fall submissive at your feet:
With fruitless love this heart shall cease to burn,
Life's empty dream shall never-more return.

^d Occasioned by a catastrophe well known in the West.

Think not, that labouring to subdue your hate,
 My artful soul forebodes a fancied fate ;
 For e'er yon sun descends his western way,
 Cold shall I lie, a lifeless lump of clay !

Tir'd of my long encounters with disdain,
 Peaceful my pulse, and ebbing from its pain ;
 Each vital movement sinking to decay,
 And my spent soul just languishing away ;
 E'er my last breath yet hovers to depart,
 I prompt my hand to pour out all my heart.
 The hand, oft rais'd compassion to implore ;
 The heart, that burns with slighted fires no more !

Relentless nymph ! of nature's fairest frame,
 Unpitying soul, and woman but in name ;
 Angelic bloom the coldest heart to win,
 Without, allurements, but disdain within ;
 Regard the sounds which seal my parting breath
 E'er the vain murmurs shall be hush'd in death,
 Let pity view what love disdain'd to save,
 And mourn a wretch sent headlong to the grave.

Profuse of all an anxious lover's care,
 To urge his suit, and win the listening fair ;
 Try'd every purpose to relieve my woe,
 My soul chides not, for innocent I go ;
 Save when soft pity bids my gentler mind
 Shrink at your fate, and drop a tear behind.

How

How oft and fruitless have I strove to move
 Unfeeling beauty with the pangs of love ;
 As rose your breast with captivating grace,
 And heighten'd charms flew blushing to your face ;
 Insulting charms ! that gave a fiercer wound,
 Fond as I lay, and prostrate on the ground.
 Heavens ! with what scorn you strove my suit to meet,
 Frown'd with your eyes, and spurn'd me with your feet !
 To bleeding love such hard returns you gave,
 As barbarous rocks that dash the pressing wave.
 O could your looks have turn'd my hapless fate,
 And frown'd my short-liv'd passion into hate ;
 Then had no scattering breeze my sorrows known,
 Nor vale responsive had prolong'd the moan ;
 Then had those lips ne'er learnt their woeful tale,
 Nor death yet cloath'd them in eternal pale.

Oft to the woods in frantic rage I flew
 To cool my bosom with the falling dew ;
 Oft in sad accents sigh'd each prompting ill,
 And taught wild oaks to pity and to feel ;
 Till with despair my heart rekindled burns,
 And all the anguish of my soul returns.

Then restless to the fragrant meads I hie,
 Death in my face, distraction in my eye ;
 There as reclin'd along the verdant plain,
 My grief renews her heart-wrung strains again,
 Lo ! pitying Phœbus sinks, with sorrow pale,
 And mournful night descends upon the tale !

When

When tir'd, at length, my wrongs no more complain,
 And sighs are stifled in obtuser pain ;
 When the deep fountains of my eyes are spent,
 And fiercer anguish sinks to discontent ;
 Slow I return, and prostrate on my bed
 Bid the soft pillow lull my heavy head.
 But O ! when downy sleep its court renews,
 And shades the soul with visionary views,
 Illusive dreams to fan my slumbering fire,
 And wake the fever of intense desire,
 Present your softer image to my sight,
 All warm with smiles, and glowing with delight ;
 Gods ! with what bliss I view thy darling charms,
 And strive to clasp thee melting in my arms !—
 But ah ! the shade my empty grasp deceives ;
 And as it flits, and my fond soul bereaves,
 The transient slumbers slip their airy chain,
 And give me back to all my woes again :
 There wrapt in floods of grief I sigh forlorn,
 The constant greetings of unwelcome morn.
 But should oblivion reassume her sway,
 And slumbers once more steal my woes away ;
 When the short flights of fancy intervene,
 Your much-lov'd image fills out every scene.
 But now no more soft smiles your face adorn,
 Lo ! o'er each feature broods destructive scorn.
 Suppliant in tears I urge my suit again,
 Sullen you stand, and view me with disdain ;
 Your ears exclude the story of my smart,
 Your baleful eyes dart anguish to my heart.

I wake

I wake—glad nature hails returning day,
 And the wild songsters chaunt their matten-lay;
 The sun in glory mounts the crystal sky,
 And all creation is in smiles but I.
 Then, sink in death, my senses!—for in vain
 You strive to quench the phrenzy of your pain;
 Break, break, fond heart!—her hate thou can'st not tame,
 Then take this certain triumph o'er thy flame.
 'Tis done!—the dread of future wrongs is past—
 Lo! brittle passion verges to its last!
 'Tis done!—vain life's illusive scenes are o'er—
 Disdainful beauty shakes her chains no more.
 Come, peaceful gloom, expand thy downy breast,
 And soothe, O soothe me to eternal rest!
 There hush my 'plaints, and gently lull my woes,
 Where one still stream of dull oblivion flows.
 No labouring breast there heaves with torture's throws,
 No heart consumes her daily hoard of woes;
 No dreams of former pain the soul invade,
 Calmly she sleeps, a sad unthinking shade!

But e'er from thought my struggling soul is free,
 One latest tear she dedicates to thee.
 She views thee on the brink of vain despair,
 Beat thy big breast, and rend thy flowing hair.
 Feels torturing love her fable deluge roll,
 Weigh down thy senses, and o'erbare thy soul.
 In vain your heart relents, in vain you weep,
 No lover wakes from his eternal sleep.

Alas!

When tir'd, at length, my wrongs no more complain,
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 Feels torturing love her fable deluge roll,
 Weigh down thy senses, and o'erbare thy soul.
 In vain your heart relents, in vain you weep,
 No lover wakes from his eternal sleep.

Alas!

Alas! I see thy frantic spirit rave,
 And thy last breath expiring on my grave.
 Is this the fortune of those high-priz'd charms?
 Ah! spare them for some worthier lover's arms,
 And may these bodings ne'er with truth agree,
 May grief and anguish be unknown to thee,
 May bitter memory ne'er recount with pain,
 That e'er you frown'd, or I admir'd in vain.

No more——my spirit is prepar'd to fly,
 Suppress my voice, and stiffen'd is my eye.
 Death's swimming shadows intercept my view,
 Vain world, and thou relentless nymh, adieu!



I N D E X

T O T H E

F O U R T H V O L U M E.

	Page
<i>THE Valetudinarian, an Ode.</i> By Dr. Marriott.	1
<i>Laura; or the Complaint, an Elegy.</i> By the same.	9
<i>Rinaldo and Armida, to a Lady singing.</i> By the same.	18
<i>Sacred Ode.</i> By the same. —————	20
<i>Inscription upon a Hermitage.</i> By the same.	23
<i>Ganzonetta.</i> By the same. —————	24
<i>The Royal Voyage.</i> By the same. —————	25
<i>Ode on Death, translated from the French.</i> By the same.	28
<i>Inscription upon a Monument.</i> By the same. ———	33
<i>To a Lady sitting for her Picture.</i> By the same.	34
<i>Elegy on the Death of a young Lady.</i> By the same.	36
<i>The Academic.</i> By the same. ——— ———	40
<i>Kimbolton Park.</i> By the Rev. Mr. H——.	46
<i>Retirement, an Ode.</i> By Dr. Beattie. —————	55
<i>The Triumph of Melancholy.</i> By the same. ———	58
<i>Elegy, occasioned by the Death of a Lady.</i> By the same.	67
<i>The Hermit.</i> By the same. ——— ———	71
<i>Ode on Lord Hay's Birth-day.</i> By the same.	73
<i>The Genealogy of Christ.</i> By Dr. Lowth. ———	77
<i>Elegy, written at the approach of Spring.</i> By J. Scott. Esq;	87
<i>Elegy, written in the Hot-weather.</i> By the same.	91
<i>Elegy, written in the Harvest.</i> By the same.	94
<i>Elegy,</i>	

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Elegy, written at the approach of Winter.</i> By the same.	99
<i>Hymn from Psalm VIII.</i> By the same.	103
<i>Elegy, written at Amwell in Hertfordshire.</i> By the same.	104
<i>Winter Prospects in the Country.</i> By the same.	108
<i>Hymn from Psalm LXV.</i> By the same.	110
<i>Sonnets.</i> By the same.	
1. <i>Apology for Retirement.</i>	111
2. <i>To Retirement.</i>	112
3. <i>To Delia.</i>	113
4. <i>To Britannia.</i>	114
<i>On reading Mrs. Macaulay's History of England.</i> By the same.	115
<i>Sonnet on Arbitrary Government.</i> By the same.	116
<i>Written at the Hermitage at Adersbrook.</i> By Mr. C	117
<i>Advice to a Shepherd.</i> By the same.	118
<i>Ode on Autumn.</i> By the same.	119
<i>Epitaph on a Peasant.</i> By the same.	120
<i>Ode to Independence,</i> By T. Smollett, M. D.	121
<i>Ode to Sleep.</i> By the same.	127
<i>Ode to Mirth.</i> By the same.	128
<i>Ode to a Singing Bird.</i> By Mr. Richardson.	130
<i>The Hermit.</i> By Dr. Goldsmith.	133
<i>The Beldames.</i> By	140
<i>Ode to the River Eden.</i> By Dr. J. Langhorne.	150
<i>On the Dutches of Mazarin's retiring to a Convent.</i> By the same.	153
<i>Ode on the Duke of York's second departure from England as Rear-Admiral.</i> By William Falconer.	157
<i>Sonnet,</i>	



I N D E X.

	Page
<i>Sonnet, from a MS. of J. Harrington, dated 1564.</i>	167
<i>The Hospitable Oak.</i> By ———.	168
<i>To a Lover.</i> By ———.	170
<i>The Hermite's Addresse to Youthe, written in the Spring Garden at Bath.</i> By ———.	171
<i>The Feminead; or Female Genius.</i> By J. Duncombe. M.A.	172
<i>Ode to the Hon. James Yorke.</i> By the same.	183
<i>Love Elegies.</i> By Mr. Hammond.	
<i>Elegy I.</i> ——— ———	191
<i>Elegy II.</i> ——— ——— ———	193
<i>Elegy III.</i> ——— ———	195
<i>Elegy IV.</i> ——— ——— ———	196
<i>Elegy V.</i> ——— ——— ———	198
<i>Elegy VI.</i> ——— ——— ———	200
<i>Elegy VII.</i> ——— ———	202
<i>Elegy VIII.</i> ——— ——— ———	204
<i>Elegy IX.</i> ——— ——— ———	205
<i>Elegy X.</i> ——— ——— ———	207
<i>Elegy XI.</i> ——— ——— ———	208
<i>Elegy XII.</i> ——— ——— ———	209
<i>Elegy XIII.</i> ——— ——— ———	210
<i>Elegy XIV.</i> ——— ——— ———	214
<i>Elegy XV.</i> ——— ——— ———	215
<i>The African Prince.</i> By Dr. Dodd. ———	217
<i>Zara, at the Court of Anamaboe, to the African Prince when in England.</i> By the same. ———	224
<i>On Nobility; an Epistle to the Earl of ———.</i> By W. Whitehead, Esq; P. L. ——— ———	231
	<i>The</i>

I N D E X.

	Page
<i>The Enthusiast, an Ode.</i> By the same. ———	240
<i>Colin and Nancy, a Ballad.</i> By T. P. Esq; ———	244
<i>A Pastoral Ballad in imitation of Shenstone.</i> By the same. ———	247
<i>The Throstle's Elegy.</i> By the same. ———	250
<i>An Epistle to a Lady, written in the Year 1766, in the character of her Husband.</i> By the same. ———	253
<i>On Avaro.</i> By the same. ———	258
<i>On a Musical Lady at Calcutta in Bengal.</i> By the same. ———	259
<i>An Expostulation.</i> By the same. ———	Ibid
<i>The Morning Walk.</i> By the same. ———	261
<i>Epitaph on a Lady who died at Calcutta in Bengal.</i> By the same. ———	264
<i>The Equality of Mankind.</i> By Michael Wodhull, Esq; ———	265
<i>Two Love Elegies.</i> By ———.	
<i>Elegy I.</i> ——— ——— ———	285
<i>Elegy II.</i> ——— ——— ———	289
<i>An Inscription written on one of the Tubs in Ham Walks, 1760.</i> By the same. ——— ———	295
<i>Verses written on a Pedestal.</i> By the same. ———	297
<i>The Recantation, an Ode.</i> By the same. ———	300
<i>Aminta, an Elegy.</i> By the Rev. Mr. Gerrard. ———	303
<i>Petherton-bridge, an Elegy.</i> By the same ———	308
<i>An Epistle from an unfortunate Gentleman to a young Lady.</i> By the same. ——— ———	311

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

Vol. I. Page 30, line 9, read *nurture* for *nature*.—P. 156, l. 16, r. *explain* for *complain*.—P. 225, l. 26, r. *Hear* for *Here*.—P. 256, l. 9, r. *elfin* for *elfin*.—P. 261, l. 20, r. *weaves* for *waves*.—P. 277, l. 23, r. *confest* for *confess*.

Vol. II. P. 161, l. 4, r. *willing*, for *winning*.—P. 206, l. 2, r. *my* for *thy*.—P. 230, l. 21, r. *burnt* for *burn*.—P. 238, l. 3, r. *wasse* for *wast*.—P. 255, l. 17, r. *fare* for *fate*.

Vol. III. P. 37, l. 22, r. *The sad reverse* for *Thy sad reverse*.—P. 42, l. 10, r. *country's* for *country'd*.—P. 48, last line, r. *entrance* to *the heart*.—P. 175, l. 3, r. *my* for *thy*.—P. 263, l. 2, r. *their* for *that*.—P. 266, l. 25, r. *uninspired* for *misinspired*.—P. 290, l. 9, r. *Flies* for *flies*.—P. 300, l. 10, r. *to fleeting life's uncertain goal*.—Index, Ode at the Installation, r. *by Mr. Gray* for *by the same*.

Vol. IV. P. 11, l. 24, r. *When* for *Where*.—P. 13, l. 12, r. *have* for *has*.—P. 14, l. 20, r. *the* for *and*.—P. 31, l. 23, r. *Monarchs* for *Monarch*.—P. 54, l. 17, r. *fees* for *see*.—P. 73, l. 13, r. *Where* for *When*.—P. 103, l. 7, r. *each* for *yon*.—P. 105, l. 3, r. *without art* for *with art*.—P. 123, l. 14, r. *roved* for *rouzed*.—P. 125, l. 19, r. *bloated* for *blasted*.—P. 206, l. 21, r. *borne* for *born*.—P. 246, l. 17, r. *are* for *is*.—P. 256, l. 1, r. *wile* for *wild*.—P. 257, l. 6, r. *stand* for *stands*.—P. 259, l. 5, r. *Bard's* for *bards*.—P. 301, l. 1, r. *bair* for *air*.

N. B. The binder is desired to place this Errata at the end of Vol. IV.



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